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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1926

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FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF

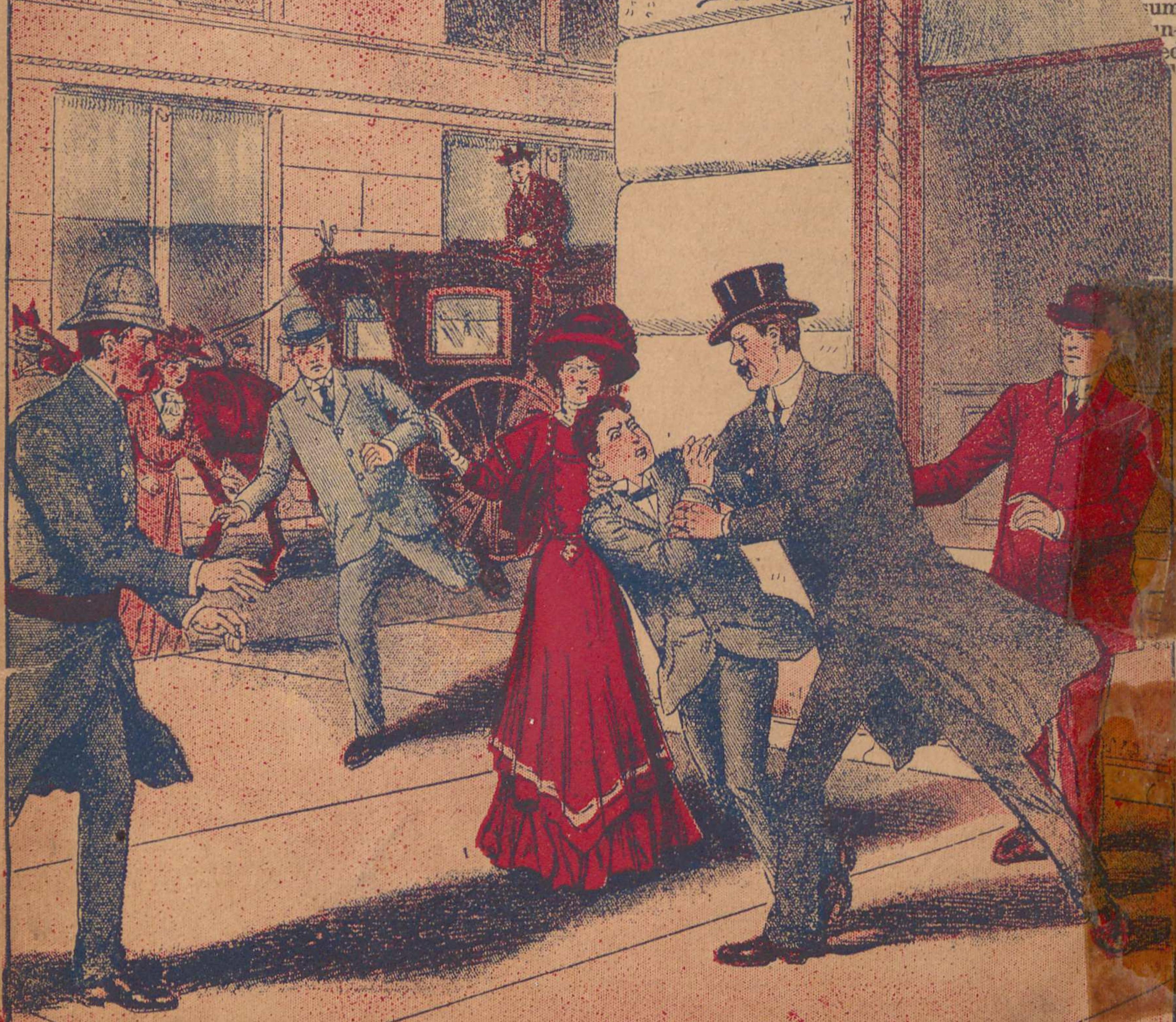
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

AFTER THE GOLDEN EAGLES,

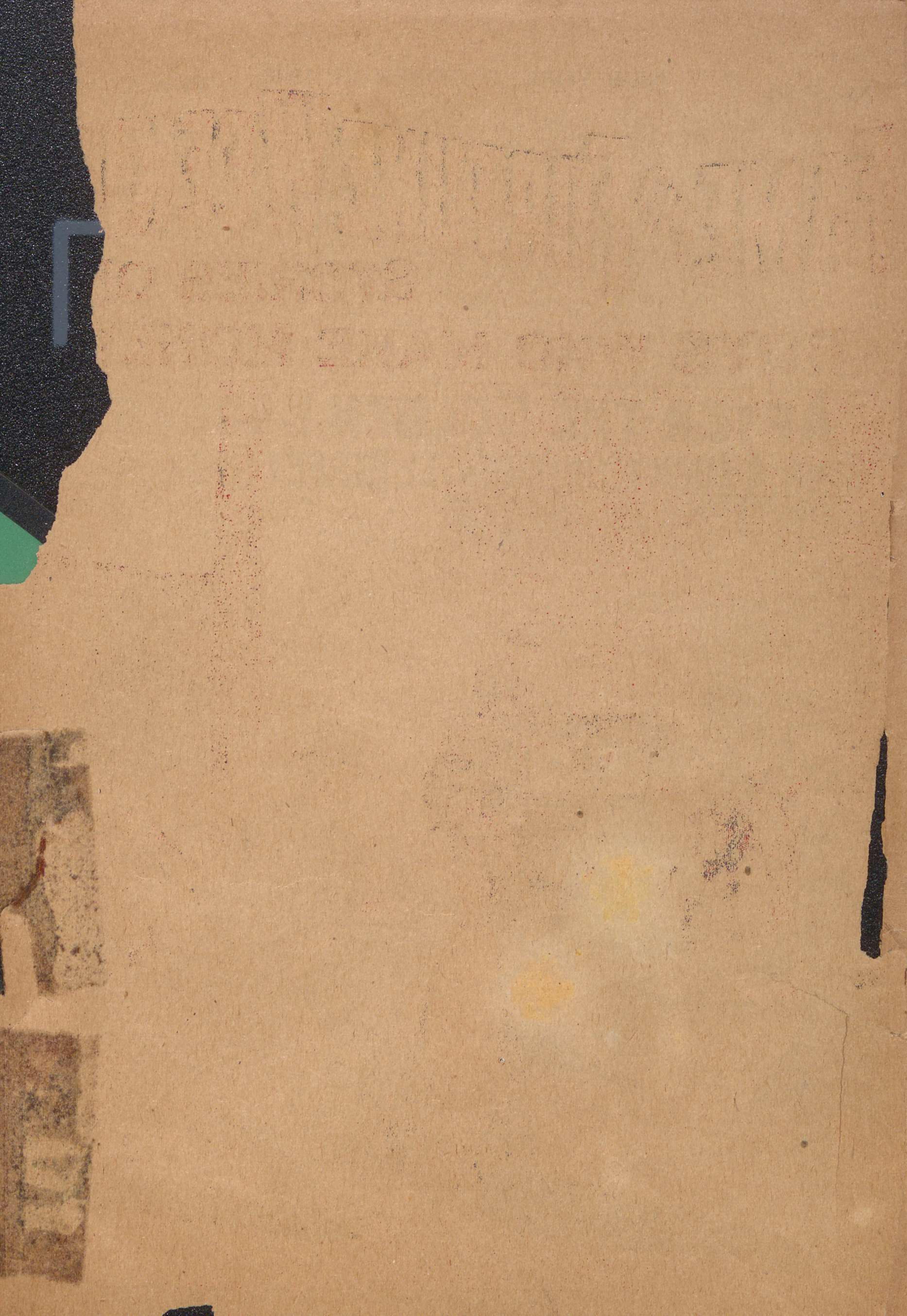
DR. A LUCKY YOUNG WALL STREET BROKER.

AND OTHER STORIES

By A SELF-MADE MAN



"You little villain!" cried Broker Blackford, seizing Jay by the throat with such a vicious grip that his eyes bulged and his tongue protruded. "You've ruined me by throwing that bunch of stock on the market and breaking the price."



FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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After the Golden Eagles

OR, A LUCKY YOUNG WALL STREET BROKER

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Attempted Robbery.

"I wonder what's holding us up?" Jay Cooke asked himself as he peered through the car window into the darkness and the rain.

He was one of a dozen passengers in a day coach of the midnight train from Jersey City on the P. & R. Railroad, and it is probable that every other passenger asked himself the same question. Jay was a bright, alert-looking boy of eighteen years, employed as a junior clerk and messenger in a Curb broker's office on Broad Street, New York, where he had been for three years. He lived with his widowed mother and two sisters, one of whom was a school teacher in the village of Plankville, about twenty-five miles southeast of Jersey City. He was accustomed to take the 5:15 train boat from the foot of Desbrosses Street every afternoon, and it was seldom that he missed it.

On this occasion he had remained over in New York to see a popular play at one of the Broadway theatres, and had taken the last night train for home. It was an inclement night. Ever since the train pulled out of Jersey City the rain had poured down in torrents, and was driven against the car windows by the boisterous wind. The rain let up considerably after the train left Edenvale, six miles east of Plankville, and that fact pleased Jay not a little, for he had quite a walk before him when he got out at the little village station. It took about ten minutes to make the run from Edenvale to Plankville, and the train had covered about five miles when a long, shrill whistle pierced the night air, the airbrakes gripped the wheels, and the cars slowed down to a complete stop.

None of the passengers, impatient to reach their journey's end, could conjecture why the train had been stopped. There was some reason for it, of course, but everybody expected the train to go on again in a minute or two. Their expectations, however, panned out wrong. The cars continued to stand still, though a full five minutes passed, which interval seemed like half an hour to some of them, Jay among the number. The boy looked at his watch and saw that it indicated twelve minutes to one. Then he asked himself the question with which this chapter opens. As he couldn't find an answer to it in the dense gloom without he concluded to investigate.

He left his seat, buttoned up his coat, pulled his soft hat well down on his forehead and went out on the rear platform. Grabbing the hand-rails he swung himself out and looked ahead. Through the pitch darkness he could see the twinkling lights of several lanterns. That was the sum total of his observations, and it was decidedly unsatisfactory. So he sprang to the rain-soaked gravel between the tracks and walked forward. When he came to the locomotive he saw the fireman leaning out of the cab window.

"What's the trouble?" he asked the young man.

"Washout," replied the fireman laconically.

"Gee! Then we're stuck?" replied Jay, who regarded the information as rather ominous.

"I reckon," came back the answer.

"That's fierce! How far are we from Plankville?"

"About a mile."

"Then I guess I'll walk the rest of the way, as the rain seems to have let up."

He walked forward to where he saw a bunch of flickering lanterns. Then he saw what had happened. A small culvert had partially given way, undermined by the swollen stream which found an outlet through a stone archway under the tracks, and the rails on both sides of the road-bed had sagged badly. It was clear that the train could not get across that narrow span. The conductor had decided to run back to Edenvale. It was tough on the passengers bound for points beyond the demoralized culvert. As the worst of the rain had eased up Jay determined to continue the balance of the way to Plankville on foot. He told the conductor what he intended to do, and that official, who knew the boy well, laughed and wished him good luck.

"I can hoof it in fifteen minutes," said Jay.

"I guess you can if it doesn't rain any harder than it does now."

"I'm going to chance that, anyway. It's nearly one o'clock now. If I have good luck I'll be home by half-past one. Good-morning," and Jay stepped gingerly across the sagging culvert and faced the darkness and the drizzle on the other side with all the resolution that characterized his nature.

It was a dreary and uncomfortable walk. The wind howled across the landscape, like an evil spirit on the rampage, shaking the raindrops from the trees en route in his face and over his

clothes. The darkness was so intense that he couldn't make out the roadbed he was traversing, but he knew it was there just the same and put his best foot forward. He had gone about half way, and was rounding a curve, when a solitary gleam came into view down the track. It was the light from the station office, about half a mile away. Its presence cheered Jay. He knew that Rose Brierly, niece of Peter Wynch, the station agent, was on duty. She was the night operator, though her work ended as soon as the last train from Jersey City pulled out of the station. She slept in a room about the office, and kept house for her uncle in the rooms on the second floor of the station.

A duplicate telegraphic outfit was attached to the wall within reach of the bed, and though the instrument clicked away at intervals all night she was so used to its song that the noise never disturbed her; but let the sounder rattle off P-23, her call, and she was awake in an instant to answer it. Rose was a pretty brunette, with nut-brown hair and hazel eyes, and she and Jay were well acquainted. Jay put on a little extra speed when the station light burst on his view. Five minutes later the building loomed up before him, a dark blot against the murky sky, with its single eye like a glow-worm shining through the gloom. The boy could have taken a path that led by the end of the station, but instead he made straight for the platform.

He wanted to exchange a few words with the girl operator before going up the road which led to his home. One minute more brought him abreast of the illuminated window and he glanced into the office. The sight he saw fairly staggered him. Two rough-looking men were in the room. One of them stood behind Rose Brierly, holding her back in the chair with one of his hands across her mouth, while his companion was tying her with a piece of line. Even as Jay looked the second chap reached for a towel, lying on the small safe, and gagged the girl with it. While thus employed his pal reached for the reflector lamp and turned the light low. Then both men turned to the safe, the door of which stood ajar.

While one swung the door wide open the other knelt down in front of it and proceeded to rifle the receptacle of its contents. The whole proceeding happened in a very brief space of time, and the men were at their nefarious work by the time Jay pulled himself together. The young Wall Street lad did not hesitate as to what course he should pursue under the circumstances. He knew that it was up to him to go to the fair operator's aid, and though the odds were two to one against him, and he might expect that the rascals were armed, he did not hold back on that account. He was pluck to the backbone when occasion called his energies to the fore, and he had the further incentive of knowing that a girl he thought a whole lot of was in trouble. He entered the small waiting-room as softly as he could, and as he did so he saw a small bundle of axe handles, with a tag attached, standing in a corner.

"One of them will be just the weapon to tackle those scamps with," he breathed.

Slipping across the room he pulled out his knife, cut the cord at one end of the bundle and drew out an axe handle. With the curved end ready for business he pushed open the office door and entered on tip-toe. The rascals were so busily

employed that they did not notice his presence. He stepped up to Rose, cut the cords that held her to the chair and tore the towel from her face. At that moment one of the men looked up, saw Jay, and uttering an exclamation of alarm, sprang on his feet. The other whirled around and drew a revolver from his hip pocket. Before he could point it the boy swung his axe handle and struck the rascal to the floor, where he lay half stunned.

"Now, then, throw up your hands, or I'll give you a bit of the same medicine!" exclaimed Jay, facing the other man with uplifted weapon and resolute air.

The man threw up one arm, dodged and with his other hand whisked out his revolver. Jay swung at the weapon, missed it by a hair, and then found himself at the rascal's mercy.

"Drop your club or I'll put a bullet into you!" cried the thief, shoving the muzzle of his gun against the boy's breast.

Jay saw that the fellow had him dead to rights and was about to obey, because he couldn't help himself, when Rose pulled open a drawer in the tall desk beside the window, took out her uncle's revolver, and pointed it at the rascal.

"Drop that pistol or I'll shoot!" she ejaculated in a sharp, commanding tone.

CHAPTER II.—Jay Acquires a Tip.

As the rascal turned his eyes in a startled way on the girl and the leveled revolver, Jay struck his weapon aside and then whacked him a smart blow on the wrist with the axe handle, which caused the pistol to drop from his fingers. Jay picked it up and cast the axe handle aside. He also took possession of the weapon of the prostrate man.

"Just hold that fellow under the muzzle of your gun till I can tie him," said Jay, reaching for the rope the men had used on the girl.

The man made no resistance while the boy bound his elbows one to the other. There still remained enough line for him to serve the other rascal in a similar fashion.

"I'll get square with you, young feller, for this," said the ruffian who was standing up.

"Maybe you will, but I don't believe it," replied Jay.

"You think you've done a smart thing," sneered the man, "but you're goin' to regret it, you young cub."

"I never expect to regret having blocked your thieving game. I guess this job will send you both to the State prison for a while."

The fellow favored him with a venomous glare.

"If we get there we won't stay forever. When we get out we'll make it a point to fix you," he said vindictively.

Jay turned to the girl.

"How did this thing happen, Miss Rose? I suppose they came on you unawares from behind," he said to her.

"They did," she answered. "I was out on the platform a few moments before, looking down the road for the last train, which ought to have been here at 12:35, and had just returned to the office when these two men followed me in and, grabbing me, forced me into a chair, bound me, and gagged me with that towel."

"I saw them through the window," replied Jay. "You did!" she exclaimed in surprise. "What brought you to the station at this hour, and on such a night, too?"

"I came down on the midnight train from Jersey City, which you've been looking for. It was held up by a washout at the culvert and had to go back to Edenvale. I came on by myself, as I didn't mind a mile walk, seeing that the rain had stopped. When I saw by the light that you were still on duty, instead of turning off by the path I came on here to have a word or two with you before going home. As things have turned out it was lucky for you I did so."

"It was, indeed, and I am very, very grateful to you for rescuing me from a terrible situation, and for saving the company's money in the safe," she said, flashing an earnest look into the boy's face.

"That's all right, Miss Rose. I couldn't do any less than I did under the circumstances. Now you'd better call your uncle down, so that he can keep a watch on these two rascals while I notify the head constable to come over here and take charge of them."

Accordingly the girl ran upstairs, aroused her uncle and told him what had happened. Peter Wynch, who was a small, wizened-looking man of sixty-five years, was put into a kind of blue funk by the news. He was not as valiant even as his niece. He hustled on his clothes and came down to the office in a state of some trepidation. The looks of the rascals didn't reassure him a bit. The chap Jay knocked out had recovered his senses, and was threatening all kinds of dire vengeance on the plucky lad. Notwithstanding that both were bound Mr. Wynch seemed to be afraid of them. Jay handed him both of the captured revolvers.

"Now just mount guard over these fellows, Mr. Wynch, while I go and notify the constable. He lives only a short distance from my house," said Jay.

"You're sure they're bound quite tight and won't give me any trouble?" said the station agent anxiously.

"They're safe enough, and you've got your niece to back you."

Mr. Wynch seemed to have his doubts about what help he could expect from Rose in an emergency. At that moment a call came over the wire for the girl and she went to her instrument to answer it. Jay waited till she was through, the message having something to do with the blockade on the line, and then, after wishing her good-night, for he didn't intend to come back, he started off up the road. Constable Pettingill lived about a quarter of a mile further in the village than Jay, whose mother's cottage was on what might be termed the suburbs. A smart walk of ten minutes brought him to the officer's house, and Jay pounded lustily on his front door. The noise awoke the constable, who opened his bedroom window and demanded to know what the trouble was. Jay told him in a few words about the affair at the station, and said he had better get there as soon as possible with one of his assistants and take charge of the rascals. Mr. Pettingill promised to do so, and then Jay went home.

He had to be called next morning in order to eat a hurried breakfast and catch the eight o'clock train for the city. He found the culvert

had been repaired during the early morning hours by a force of men, and trains were running just as if nothing had happened. He reached the office at the usual time, and was the first on hand, as usual. A number of letters and papers lay inside the door where the letter-carrier had pushed them through the brass-covered slit made for that purpose. He put them on his employer's desk, retaining a copy of the Wall Street "Argus" to look over himself, for he made it a point to keep abreast of everything that was going on in the financial district. Jay was ambitious to become a broker some day himself, and wasn't letting any chance get by him to pick up all the information about the operations in the market he could.

He frequently bought and sold shares dealt in on the Curb for his boss, Roger Wicks, who had a good deal of confidence in his business sagacity. By giving his attention strictly to business he knew almost as much about the methods of the office as did Mr. Griggs, the head bookkeeper and cashier. He studied the daily market report of the transactions of the New York Stock Exchange, and knew how every important stock stood at the close of the day's business. Indeed, he was something of a speculator himself in a small way, and was generally fortunate in all the deals he undertook. Starting with a small legacy of \$500 he got from his grandmother two years before, he had now accumulated the handsome little capital of \$5,000, which he kept on tap in a Wall Street safe deposit vault.

His mother and sisters knew nothing about the successful use he had put the \$500 to, as he was very reticent on the subject of his personal affairs. Some day, he told himself, he would spring a surprise on them, and the bigger the surprise the better pleased he would be over it. The head bookkeeper and himself were the only employees in the office, for Mr. Wicks was not a particularly prosperous broker. The trouble was the Curb broker was that he was a dyed-in-the-wool speculator himself, and he often got his bumps in the market, which kept his nose, financially speaking, more or less down on the grindstone. Jay, who was familiar with his plan of operations, was of the opinion that he took too many chances, but, of course, it wasn't his place to tell him so. The boy had been about fifteen minutes at his desk, reading the "Argus," when Mr. Griggs came in. That was the signal for him to take the paper into his employer's room and get busy with his duties. As he and Mr. Griggs were on easy terms the first thing he did was to tell the bookkeeper about his experiences of the preceding night.

"You had quite a strenuous time, didn't you?" smiled Mr. Griggs, as he opened one of the books he took from the safe.

"It seemed pretty strenuous for the moment the rascal held his revolver against my chest. I don't know whether he intended to shoot me if he could avoid it, but the sensation wasn't pleasant. Miss Brierly, who is a plucky girl, and has more sand than her uncle, covered the fellow with a revolver she took from a drawer, and that let me out of my hole."

The stenographer, whom Mr. Wicks employed by contract, came in and sat down to wait for the broker to appear and go over his mail. Jay said good-morning to her, and handed her a morning

paper. In a short time Mr. Wicks made his appearance, and entered his private room. Five minutes later he called Jay in and handing him a note said:

"Take this over to Clarkson, Jay. I expect an answer to it."

The boy put on his hat and went out. Clarkson was a Curb broker whose office was in the Taylor Building, across the street. It took Jay about five minutes to get there.

"Mr. Clarkson is very busy. Take a seat," said the office boy.

Jay did so and picked up a paper to amuse himself with. A moment later two Stock Exchange brokers came in and asked to see Mr. Clarkson. They were told they'd have to wait till he was disengaged. They sauntered over to a window not far from where Jay sat reading.

"I learned this morning that the Titus crowd are buying up every share of B. & L. they can get hold of," said one. "That can only mean they are trying to corner the stock for a boom. It's low just now, so they're bound to make a raft of money. I'm going to buy 5,000 shares if I can get them, and I advise you to try and get in on this thing, too, for it will be a winner."

"You can rely on the sources of your information, I suppose?" said the other.

"Yes. The person stands close to the Titus bunch, and is in a position to pick up a plum once in a while."

Their conversation easily reached Jay's ears, and he couldn't help hearing all they said on the subject during the next five minutes, at the end of which interval the gentleman who had been with Clarkson went away and the office boy told Cooke he could go into the private office. So Jay took his note in to the broker, and presently left the office with an answer, and a tip as well, which he determined to make use of.

CHAPTER III.—An Unpleasant Surprise.

After Jay got back to the office he looked B. & L. up on the morning's market report and found that it was ruling at 65. Recent past records of the stock showed that it usually sold from 70 to 75. That proved it was below its normal value. Accordingly when the boy went to his lunch he got \$3,000 of his capital from his safe deposit box, took it around to a banking and brokerage house on Nassau Street which had put through his other deals, and ordered the margin clerk to buy him 300 shares of B. & L. at the market, on a 10 per cent. margin. On his way to the ferry that afternoon he dropped in at the bank, about five minutes before the brokerage department closed and asked if the stock had been bought. He was told that it had been secured at 65, and was being held subject to his order. As the stock had gone up a point toward the close of business in the Exchange he left the bank well pleased with the prospects of his latest deal.

"If that tip pans out as I hope it will I ought to make a good haul this time," he said to himself.

Business being light in the office that day the bookkeeper let him off an hour earlier than usual, because he had been up the best part of the night, so he was able to take the half-past four train

for home. He reached Plankville at ten minutes after five, and went into the station to see Rose. She was upstairs getting supper for her uncle and herself before going on duty at six. Mr. Wynch was very gracious to him, having learned from the girl how he had saved her and the company's money on the previous night by his unexpected appearance on the scene, pluckily attacking the two men with only the axe handle for a weapon.

"You'll find Rose upstairs," said the station agent, jerking his thumb in the direction of the staircase.

Jay had never been in the living-rooms of the agent, and he felt a little backward about intruding on the girl there. Mr. Wynch, however, told him that his niece would be glad to see him, and was expecting him to drop in, as he usually did, from the 5:15 train, due at Plankville at 5:55, when Rose was generally in the office. No doubt she made it a point to be downstairs when that particular train came in, knowing that the good-looking Wall Street boy would give her a call. So Jay marched upstairs and knocked on the right-hand door as directed by Mr. Wynch. Rose opened it and was somewhat surprised to see the boy nearly an hour ahead of his usual time.

"You're home early today, Mr. Cooke. Come right in and sit down," she said, apparently delighted to see him.

"I hope I'm not intruding, Miss Rose," he said, accepting her invitation. "Mr. Wynch told me to come up."

"Intruding!" she exclaimed. "Why, certainly not."

"By the way, I wish you wouldn't call me Mr. Cooke. Why not Jay? We know each other pretty well now."

She blushed and smiled, but did not answer.

"Oh, come, now; you call me Jay and I'll call you Rose—that is, if you don't object. Miss and Mr. is altogether too formal between old friends like us."

After some little demur on the girl's part she consented to this arrangement, much to the boy's satisfaction.

"I suppose you had to appear against those two rascals at the justice's office today?" said Jay, as the girl was setting the table for supper.

"No," she replied. "I'm sorry to say they made their escape from the lock-up some time before daylight."

"Made their escape!" he gasped. "The dickens they did! How did they manage it? I thought the village jail was strong enough to hold anybody."

"They sawed the iron bars of the window and got out that way."

"Sawed the iron bars! How in creation did they do that?" said the surprised boy.

"The constable said that they must have had some fine steel saws concealed in their clothes."

"Why didn't he search them well when he put them in the cell?"

"He said he did, but the saws, which he said were no doubt the thin, flexible ones that expert crooks frequently carry on their persons, escaped his notice."

"So they got clean off. That's too bad. You'll have to look out that they don't steal another march on you tonight. Maybe I'd better come down here this evening and keep you company."

"Oh, no; I'll keep the door locked and be on

my guard. You are very kind to offer to stay with me, but I couldn't think of putting you to so much trouble, especially after you were up so late last night."

"It wouldn't be any trouble, I assure you. I'd do more than that to oblige you any time," he said earnestly.

"Thank you," she answered with a blush.

"You're a plucky girl, Rose," said Jay in a tone of admiration. "You stood your ground last night and got me out of a tight fix when that rascal had me dead to rights with his revolver. I guess most girls would have skipped out when they got the chance and left me to fight it out with the ruffian."

"Why should I run? It is my duty to protect the company's property when it's in my charge. And it was also my duty to stand by you when you interfered in my behalf."

"That's true enough; but too much cannot be expected of a girl. I'm bound to say that your nerve surprised me, and I think a whole lot more of you in consequence."

"I've been worried not a little about you since I learned those men escaped," she said.

"Worried about me! Why?"

"After you captured them they threatened to get even with you, and they look bad enough to try and do you an injury."

"Oh, I guess I can take care of myself. I'm not afraid of them."

"You mustn't be too confident. I should feel very bad if they injured you in any way," she said with an earnestness that could not be mistaken.

"They've left this locality long ago," replied Jay. "They wouldn't take the risk of hanging around the village merely on the chance of getting back at me."

"You can't tell what such men might do," she said. "You must be on your guard."

"I'll keep my eyes open, anyway, though I don't expect to hear from them."

As Rose had supper ready by this time, Jay said he guessed it was time for him to be going, so he wished her good-by and started for home. Jay turned in early that night, as he felt tired and sleepy, and was soon in a sound slumber. His sleep, however, was restless, for he was troubled with disquieting dreams. The two rascals who escaped from the lock-up figured prominently in all his visions.

In one he imagined he met them on a lonesome road, and they attacked him in a savage way with cudgels. In another he thought he was tramping along the railroad tracks in the dark when they suddenly jumped upon him from the bushes. His third dream pictured him in a lone house somewhere far from civilization, and they were trying to get at him through the window, which seemed to be protected with iron bars which they were sawing with fine, flexible saws. He could see their faces reflected in the moonlight, and they looked desperate enough to commit murder. From this dream he awoke with a start. So vivid had it been that he instinctively looked at his room window, through which the moonlight shone, throwing a reflection of the sashes on his carpet, half expecting to see the two thieves outside. He knew it would be a simple matter for them to get up on the roof of the one-story kitchen which extended under his window.

As the upper sash was down several inches for ventilating purposes it would be easy for anyone bent on getting into the room to push up the lower sash and then crawl in. This fact so impressed him, when taken in connection with his realistic dreams, that he had a great mind to get up, go downstairs for a hammer and nails and make the lower sash immovable by driving a nail on either side of it. While he was considering the advisability of carrying this plan out he heard a noise on the kitchen roof.

"What's that? Sounds as if someone was getting on the kitchen roof. I must take a look."

Thus speaking to himself, Jay jumped out of bed and glided to the window. Peering through the glass he saw a rough-looking man kneeling on the roof a few feet away assisting another man to scramble up. Jay hardly needed the moonshine to tell him who the men were. He easily recognized them as the two ruffians he had captured at the station.

CHAPTER IV.—The Box of Golden Eagles.

"Great Scott! Those rascals are evidently after me, or else they intend to rob the house, which would be the more profitable. I mustn't let them get in at this window, or it would go hard with me, I'm thinking."

He looked around the room for a weapon with which to defend himself and keep the men at bay. His gaze lighted on his fowling-piece, standing in one corner. It was an old-fashioned muzzle-loader, which had belonged to his father, and he remembered that it was loaded and charged with bird-shot, with the caps still on the nipples, just as he had brought it back from an afternoon's shooting recently.

"That will make them skidoo pretty quick," he muttered as he crossed the room after it.

When he returned to the window he looked out cautiously, keeping well against the wall. Both of the men's faces were pressed against the lower panes, taking a preliminary view of the room. Satisfied with their inspection, one of them forced the blade of an old jack-knife under the lower sash and pried it up so that he could get a grip on it with his fingers. Then he softly pushed it up about half way and both took another and better survey of the interior of the room. Jay thought it about time to act. So, thrusting the muzzle of the fowling-piece into the face of the man nearest to him he exclaimed:

"Hands up, you scoundrel, or I'll blow you full of holes!"

The fellow started back with a howl of surprise, and his companion followed his example. Jay now showed himself in the opening and covered them both.

"Don't shoot!" cried both almost in one voice.

"What did you come here for? To get square with me and rob the house, I suppose."

"Drop your gun and we'll go," replied the chap with a beard.

He was the man who held his revolver against Jay's breast in the station office.

"Go, then, and go quick," replied the boy, who saw no possible way of capturing them, notwithstanding the fact that he had them both at his mercy.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when

they made a rush for the edge of the roof and began to scramble down. The foremost one lost his balance in his hurry and tumbled to the ground. He hurriedly picked himself up and limped around the corner of the house out of sight, followed by his companion.

"Too bad I couldn't have caught those rascals and returned them to the lock-up, but there wasn't any way of doing it," thought Jay.

He closed the window and returned the gun to its resting place. Then he partially dressed himself, went downstairs and got a hammer and some wire nails with which he secured his window for the night. He didn't think the crooks would dare to return, but considered it the part of prudence to be on the safe side. The stirring incident did not keep him from falling into a sound sleep soon after his head once more touched the pillow, and as he was not again disturbed that night he woke up at his usual hour and found the early sunshine streaming into his room. He decided not to tell his mother and sisters about what had happened for fear it would upset them, and he left in time to catch his regular train for Jersey City. He watched the office ticker at intervals that day with particular reference to B. & L. stock, and noted with satisfaction that it went up another point before business closed at the Exchange.

"Six hundred dollars prospective profit isn't so bad for twenty-four hours," he thought. "That's over a year's salary, and I expect to make five times that amount out of this deal if things go all right."

When Jay reached Plankville that afternoon he told Rose about his run-in with the two crooks during the night.

"I'm not surprised," she answered. "I thought those men would try to be revenged on you for their failure to rob the safe here, due to your plucky action. I am so glad that they did not succeed in surprising you in bed."

"No, they were the surprised party when I pushed my fowling-piece in their faces. They skipped so quick that one of them tumbled off the kitchen roof to the ground and went off limping," laughed the boy.

"They may try some other way to get the better of you."

"Well, I'm going to tell the constable that I suspect they are still in the neighborhood, and he'll order his night deputies to be on the watch for them."

"That's a good plan," she replied.

A call coming over the wire for her at that moment, Jay said good-by and went home. During the remainder of the week things were pretty lively in Wall Street, both at the exchange and on the Curb market. B. & L. closed on Saturday noon at 75, which put Jay about \$3,000 ahead on his deal, and made him feel that Fortune was dealing very generously with him. This wasn't the only stock that had made sharp advances that week. The market had assumed a strong bullish tone and nearly everything on the list had gone up more or less. That fact made business good in the Street, for it brought a lot of small speculators, generally known as "lambs," out of their shells, and made money easy in the financial district.

Everything pointed to a continuance of the upward movement, and all investors felt good over the prospect for the coming week. The Curb

market participated in the general boom, and there were several plums that the Curb brokers and speculators were going dippy over. One of these was Montana Copper, which had already gone up 15 points in three days and promised to go 15 more. It closed at 31 when the Curb market quit business for the week at twelve on Saturday. Roger Wicks, Jay's boss, had every cent he could raise up on this stock, and expected to make a small fortune out of the deal. There were other brokers in the same boat with him.

The price was being manipulated by the millionaire owners of the mine, through a string of brokers, and they had the Curb standing on its head over the big rise and still bigger profits in sight. Jay knew through Griggs, the bookkeeper, that Mr. Wicks was heavily interested in Montana Copper, and that he was away ahead of the game. He hoped his boss would make a good thing out of his speculation, just as he confidently expected to do well with B. & L. He looked forward to selling out before the end of the following week. As the Fourth of July fell on Monday week he intended to lay in a stock of fireworks and paint the village red on the night of Independence Day, in common with certain wealthy residents who made a yearly practice of pyrotechnic displays on that occasion.

Judge Jenkins, who lived in the finest house in Plankville, had given out that he intended to outdo all his previous efforts in this direction, and Jay determined to let the judge and the other nabobs know that they were not the whole thing. So he left a big order with a Park Place house, with instructions to ship the stuff down on the following Saturday morning. Consequently a big consignment of inflammable material was slated to arrive by express at Plankville on the second of July. Nothing more was heard of the two crooks who had tried to rob the station safe, and subsequently endeavored to break into Jay's room, and Mr. Pettingill, the constable, came to the conclusion that they had vamoosed the neighborhood.

On Sunday afternoon Jay called at the station, in accordance with a previous arrangement, to take Rose out for a walk. As there was little to do around the station that day Mr. Wynch took things easy upstairs, occupying his time reading the New York Sunday papers, which didn't cost him anything owing to favors he accorded the village newsdealer. When Jay arrived in his best suit, with a boutonierre in his lapel, looking something like a dude, he was surprised to find a family was in progress between uncle and niece. Rose was in tears, as if something had gone wrong, while the station agent looked sulky and disagreeable. Jay's coming on the scene put an end to the scrap for the time being and the girl hurried to her own room to put on her hat.

She only kept the boy waiting a few minutes, for which he was thankful, as Mr. Wynch did not seem disposed to be sociable. Rose looked depressed when they started out together, and Jay endeavored to cheer her up as they walked along by talking about the glorious time everybody expected to have on the coming Fourth. Then he switched around to Wall Street and hinted at his own golden prospects. This latter topic appeared to have an effect contrary to what he intended, for in the midst of his glowing description of how a rising market was likely to make

a good many people well off she suddenly burst into tears.

"Why, Rose, what is the matter?" he asked in surprise.

"Don't ask me," she sobbed.

"Of course I don't want to pry into your affairs, but I hate to see you unhappy. There isn't a girl in the world that I think as much of as I do of you, and if I could do anything to relieve your distress I'd gladly do it. Don't you believe me?"

"Yes, yes; I know you would, Jay. You are very nice and kind to me, and I appreciate your goodness more than I can tell you; but——"

"But what?"

"I'd like to tell you, for I have nobody to confide in. I am an orphan, and Uncle Peter is very selfish and mean to me."

"Why, I thought you got along very nicely with him!"

"I have until I learned something today."

"I suppose I have no right to ask you what you learned?" said Jay in a soothing confidential tone. She remained silent for a few moments, then she said:

"I learned a secret he has kept from me a long time."

"A secret!"

"Yes. I found out today that my grandmother left me a lot of money."

"Is that so?"

"A boxful of golden eagles."

"Gee! You don't say!"

"Grandma was very well off, but she was always afraid to keep her money in any bank, for she lost a lot once during a financial panic. Then she always had an idea that this country would get into a war with England, or some other big power, and that the consequence would be a depreciation of government bills and securities. As gold is always a legal tender under any circumstances, she wanted to be on the safe side, so she turned all her funds into gold and kept it in a strong-box in her home. This box she left to me when she died, but I never knew a thing about it till today when I accidentally found a sealed letter addressed to me in my uncle's bureau when I was looking over his clothes to see what needed mending. I read the letter and was very much astonished. I have always wondered what grandma had done with her money, though Uncle Peter told me soon after her death that she had left it to a charitable institution. I thought he must be mistaken, for she had promised many times to provide well for me. I also thought that uncle took the matter very coolly, for there seems to be nothing that he cares more for than money. It seemed strange to me that he did not make a big fuss when he was left out in the cold himself, too."

"Well?" said Jay, greatly interested in the girl's confidential communication.

"The letter was written to me by grandma. She said in it that being aware she could not live many days longer she had sent for my uncle and told him that the boxful of golden eagles was to become my property on her death. She made him promise that he would see that her wishes were carried out. She advised me to keep the box hidden in a safe spot, but on no account to trust it to the keeping of any bank, or to turn it into paper money."

"She was an odd old lady," said Jay. "If

everybody followed her plan there would be very little money in circulation, and as a consequence this country, to use a slang expression, would be on the hog."

"After reading the letter," went on Rose, "I asked my uncle about the box of golden eagles grandma left me. He was all taken aback at my question, and said he knew nothing about such a thing. He said his mother hadn't left either of us anything. He insisted that her property had all gone to charity. Then I showed him the letter I found, and told him I felt sure he was deceiving me. That he had the box of eagles himself and meant to keep them from me. He got furiously angry and tried to snatch the letter from me while I was reading it to him, but I was too quick for him. I have it in my pocket now, and I want you to keep it for me, Jay, for I fear he may try to take it from me, and it is the only evidence I have that entitles me to the money."

She took the letter from her pocket and handed it to the boy.

"I will keep it for you, Rose, until you want me to return it to you."

"Thank you. I knew I could depend on you."

"You can always do that as long as I live," he replied earnestly.

She flashed a grateful look in his face.

"I am sure my uncle has that box of money hidden away somewhere, for he has the same objection to banks that my grandma had. He is always talking about financial panics, brought on by banks and bankers failing with their depositors' money in their vaults. He says that accounts for so many millionaires these days. I have heard him compare them with the robber barons of old. He is so bitter on the subject that I know he has the box in his own possession, concealed in some secret place where he can always keep his eyes on it."

"He has no right to keep it from you unless he is your legal guardian, and in that case he is responsible to you for every cent of the money. This idea of his that banks are thieving institutions is all tommyrot. You may take my word for that, for I ought to know something about the matter, seeing that I've been employed in Wall Street for something over three years. Once in a while a bank does go wrong, I'll admit; and often that bank, by failing, will affect the credit and stability of others, just as a big brokerage house in going to the wall, and failing to meet its engagements, may involve other brokers in ruin. These things are apt to occur at any time, and represent one of the unfortunate sides of business life. A good, strong savings bank, under the present strict laws, is a safer place for your money than any secret spot your uncle has it hidden in, and he is depriving you of the interest that your golden eagles would bring you in."

"Uncle Peter isn't my legal guardian. I am acting as his housekeeper for my board, and as far as my own room is concerned, being an employee of the railroad company, I have as much right to it as he has to his rooms. He has no right whatever to keep grandma's money from me. I don't see how I'm going to get it unless I see a lawyer about it, and I don't want to do that."

"Well, you leave the matter to me, Rose, and I will consult a legal friend of mine in New York about it. Of course if you don't want to go to

law about it some other scheme must be tried. In the meantime I would suggest that you say nothing further on the subject to your uncle. Pretend to accept his explanation, but watch him. Maybe you'll be able to find out where your box of golden eagles is hidden. If you do, let me know and I'll help you take possession of your property."

"Thank you, Jay. It has relieved my mind very much to confide my trouble to you. I have perfect confidence in you, for I am sure you are a true friend."

"You will always find me such, Rose. I liked you from the moment I first saw you, and I have gone on liking you more and more as I came to know you better. The fact that your only relative, the man who should be your best friend, is treating you unfairly, appeals to me strongly. I want you to understand that you can always call on me under any circumstances, and I will stand by you as if you were my sister."

There was no doubt that Jay meant what he said and Rose believed him. The rest of their walk was passed very happily together, and he brought her back to the station in time for her to prepare the evening meal as usual.

On Monday morning, B. & L., the stock in which Jay was interested to the extent of 300 shares, opened a half a point higher than it closed on Saturday and in a short time jumped to 77. Montana Copper, in which Jay's boss was interested, opened a full point higher and was soon ruling at 33.

During the afternoon B. & L. was ruling at 80 and Montana Copper at 37.

On Tuesday B. & L. reached 88, and Jay hustled up to the little bank on Nassau street and ordered his holdings in the stock sold. He realized \$7,000 by the transaction. Montana Copper rose to 40.

It was a good thing that Jay sold his B. & L. that morning for during the afternoon somebody dumped a big block of the stock on the market and the price dropped. It kept dropping and was presently down to its former price before the advance.

Mountain Copper was likewise falling in price. Jay was now worth \$20,000.

On the following Saturday afternoon Jay set out for Plankville and found that his fireworks had arrived before him, and had been locked in the baggage room along with a lot of other fireworks belonging to various residents.

There was a window in the baggage room and as Jay turned a corner of the station suddenly he saw two men, one of them going through the window which had been forced open. Jay knew they did not belong there and shouted at them. One of the men turned around and Jay recognized him as one of the crooks who had figured in the attempted looting of the station safe. The rascal knew the boy at once and made a spring at him, striking at him with a cane which he carried. Jay dodged the blow and started to alarm the station agent. The man sprang after him, and just then Murphy, the village expressman, came driving up with his team.

The villain who had gone through the window now appeared and called:

"Come on, it's done," and started to run.

The other villain turned away from Jay and followed. Suddenly from the baggage room there

came a cloud of sulphurous smoke, followed by a series of snapping and hissing explosions.

CHAPTER V.—The Fire and the Box of Golden Eagles.

"Great Cæsar! The baggage-room is on fire!" cried Jay in great excitement. Knowing the combustible nature of the greater part of the contents of the room, he was staggered by the very idea of such a calamity. His first thought was to try and put the fire out before it got any headway. There was a row of four red water-buckets, always kept filled with water, on a shelf in the waiting-room, and calling on Murphy for help he rushed to get a couple. The expressman, alive to the danger that threatened the station, sprang from his wagon seat and dashed after the boy.

Seizing a pair of the water-buckets, Jay hurried back to the blazing room, only to start back appalled at the rapidity with which the flames had enveloped the interior of the room. The roar in the confined space was terrific. Bombs were exploding, boxes of fire-crackers were going off like the continuous roll of rifle fire in a big battle, rockets were whizzing against the walls and ceiling and smashing their way through the glass of the window on their way to the outer air, while all the other miscellaneous assortment of fireworks, such as Roman candles, red and other lights, pin-wheels, and divers fiery devices, mingled with the heavy detonations of giant crackers. Murphy's team, startled by the racket and the whizzing of rockets, stampeded across the railroad track and dashed down the county road.

"Whoa, there!" roared the expressman, putting down the buckets and starting on a run after his outfit.

That left Jay alone to cope with a blaze that was already quite beyond his control. The tumult reached the ears of the station agent, and he came running out of his office just as the boy disappeared around the corner of the station in a haze of thick smoke and resolutely dashed the contents of both buckets into the blazing room. Jay staggered back, overpowered by the stifling smoke that poured out of the window, his eyes filled with smarting particles of burned powder. By this time the baggage-room was one blur of brilliancy and colored smoke. The flames were eating their way through the ceiling and through the partition into the waiting-room. Mr. Wynch nearly had a fit when he saw the state of things. The station was threatened with immediate destruction, and the Plankville fire company was more than half a mile away.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "How did this happen?"

"Set afire by a pair of rascals," replied the boy, coughing and choking from the smoke he had inhaled while throwing the water.

"The station will be destroyed. Look! look! The whole room is ablaze. I must telephone to the village for the fire department."

The demoralized agent dashed down the platform toward the office, at the other end of the station, and was presently busy at the phone, imploring the fire company to come to the scene at once. Then he dashed upstairs and disappeared

into his own apartments, without pausing even for a moment to pound on his niece's door to acquaint her with the situation. She was lying fully dressed on her bed, and had fallen asleep just before the train came in that brought Jay. In the meantime the plucky Wall Street boy saw that he could do little single-handed to stay the progress of the fire, but for all that he determined to do the best he could to hold it in check, expecting the village fire company would soon appear on the ground with engine and hose-carriage.

He grabbed up the two buckets of water abandoned on the platform by the expressman, and cast their contents on the blazing chemicals. To get more water he had to run to a little rivulet on the other side of the tracks, more than one hundred feet away. By the time he got back with full buckets he realized that the job before him was hopeless. The baggage-room was a roaring furnace of flame, and there was hardly a piece of glass remaining in the window-sashes. The waiting-room was filled with suffocating smoke, and through it Jay could see little tongues of flame lapping the end wall. He put down the buckets, satisfied the water would be of no avail in such a rapidly spreading conflagration.

"If the engine company doesn't get here pretty soon the men won't be able to save the station!" he fluttered. "Where the dickens is Mr. Wynch? He wasn't in the office when I passed the window just now. Upstairs, I suppose, arousing his niece. I had better go up and help carry some of her things down, since there is no telling how this fire will end."

He was standing at the end of the blazing baggage-room, looking at the cloud of smoke and flame coming through the window opening. As he turned with the intention of hurrying toward the staircase just outside the office, a tremendous explosion blew out the locked door almost in his face. Down he went on the platform with the burning door on top of him. The shock almost stunned him, and for a moment or two he did not move. Then he recovered himself and crawled from under the wreck, covered with burning bits of wood and fire-crackers that hissed and cracked all around him. A sheet of flame followed the door and then began to lap the side of the station under the window of Mr. Wynch's bedroom. Jay brushed the blazing particles from his clothes and dashed for the stairs. The explosion had awakened Rose, and the boy saw her startled face staring down at him from her open door.

"Quick, Rose—come down! The station is on fire!" he cried excitedly.

"On fire!" she gasped, her face turning white.

"Yes. The fireworks have done it. The baggage-room is nothing but a mass of flames now, and only the speedy arrival of the fire company can save the building from destruction."

"Where is my uncle?" she asked as he reached her and seized her by the arm.

"I don't know. Up here, I guess. He's not in the office or anywhere around downstairs."

As he spoke Jay stepped across the narrow passage and threw open the door leading into the middle or living-room. The place was hazy with smoke. Through the open door beyond Jay saw the form of the station agent stretched out on the floor.

"Gee! He's been overcome by the smoke!" he

ejaculated. "I must save him. Get downstairs as quick as you can, Rose."

He rushed across the middle room to Mr. Wynch's aid. The agent's bedroom was thick with smoke, and the fire was coming through the floor in a dozen places. The bottom of one of his trouser legs was burning, and the rest of his garments were smoking. As Jay, half choking, stooped and seized Mr. Wynch by the shoulders to drag him away from his perilous position the boy's eyes lighted on an oblong iron box which lay just out of the agent's reach. It was an old-fashioned strong-box, covered with projecting knobs. An open hole in the base of the brick chimney showed whence the box had come.

"It's Rose's box of golden eagles," breathed Jay as he hauled Mr. Wynch out into the living-room. "I must save it."

He dragged the station agent clear out into the entry and laid him on the floor. Then he ran back for the box. Hardly had he reached the door when that end of the floor gave way with a crash and the heavy box disappeared into the flames below.

CHAPTER VI.—Burned Out.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Jay, gazing down into the burning gulf. "It's gone. However, there is no danger of it burning up. It looked too solid for a small fire as this is to have any effect on it. Even if the heat was great enough to melt the gold, or part of it, it would not lose any of its value."

The smoke drove the boy back with parched throat and smarting eyes, and he was glad to return to the entry where he found Rose bending over her uncle and trying to revive him. Jay took the old man in his arms and carried him downstairs and out into the air, where he soon brought him to with plentiful applications of cold water. As soon as the station agent recovered his senses and his eyes rested on the blazing end of the station, with the flames eating their way through the roof and the smoke pouring out of his bedroom window, he uttered a hoarse cry.

"The box! The box!" he almost screamed. "Where is it? I must go up there and get it," he added, struggling on his feet.

"It isn't there," replied Jay, restraining him with difficulty.

"Where is it? Did you save it?" and he glared eagerly into the boy's face.

"No. It went down into the fire with the floor, which gave way under it after I pulled you out of the room."

"It is lost—lost!" wailed the agent frantically.

"Oh, I guess not," replied Jay reassuringly. "It won't burn. We're sure to find it in the ruins after the fire has been put out."

Rose listened to her uncle's words in evident surprise and wonderment. She could not understand what he meant by the box he was asking for. She was so unnerved by the fire that she did not connect it with her own box of golden eagles, which she fully believed her uncle had in his possession.

"What box does he mean?" she asked Jay.

"He means," said the boy in a low tone, "your box of money."

"Did you see it?" she asked him with some excitement in her tones.

"I did. I went back to get it when the floor of the room gave way and it went down into the blaze below."

"Then it is lost?" she said, catching her breath.

"Not a bit of it. The box is a very strong one, and capable of resisting a considerable amount of heat. We'll rescue it after the fire is out."

At that moment they heard the shouts of a bunch of approaching villagers, mingled with the clang and jingle of the engine and hose-cart bells. The Plankville fire department was coming on at full tilt, drawn by a host of excited volunteers and followed by a mob of boys and men. It was all that Jay could do to prevent Peter Wynch from rushing up into the burning and smoking rooms to see whether the money box had actually disappeared. He walked up and down the platform tearing at his scanty gray locks in his frenzy at the possible loss of the precious box which he seemed to prize even more than his life.

He had all the instincts of a miser, and the only real pleasure of his life was to bolt himself inside his room after he had retired for the night, get out the golden eagles which belonged to his niece, but which he coveted himself and meant to hold on to as long as he lived, and count and fondle the bright coin as if every piece had life in it and represented a dear and valued friend.

That had been his practice ever since the box came into his possession, and until his niece found her grandmother's letter, which through some oversight he had placed in his bureau drawer, he had flattered himself that no one would ever lay claim to the gold which he loved so well. As soon as the firemen reached the station they started in with great expedition to try and save as much of the railroad station as possible.

While they were getting under way Rose telegraphed the news of the catastrophe to the division superintendent's office in Jersey City.

She was at the instrument in the office when a northbound express passed on the outside track, the windows of the coaches alive with the faces of the curious passengers, who only got a fleeting glimpse of the blaze. A north-bound local was due in twenty minutes, and it was hoped the fire would be under control by the time. As matters looked at that moment it was doubtful if any part of the station could be saved. The firemen, aided by a growing crowd of volunteers, however, got busy with a vim.

The engine was hauled over to the stream on the opposite side of the tracks, and two long lines of hose were stretched to the station. In a brief space of time two streams were playing on the conflagration. The telegraph instruments stood on a wide shelf facing the window at the upper end of the station, and while Rose sat there talking over the telephone to the office at Jersey City, Jay stood outside and kept the girl informed as to the progress of the fire, and the results attending the firemen's efforts to subdue it. One thing in their favor was that there was little wind to fan the flames, and the two streams were manipulated with such good effect, one from the outside and the other from the entry door of the living-room, that the fire, notwithstanding the headway it had got, seemed likely to be over-

come before it had entirely destroyed the building.

"Your uncle seems all broke up over that box of golden eagles," said Jay when Rose sat back in her chair. "He had it hidden in a hole in the back of the chimney. After getting it out he was overcome by the smoke, and only that I went to his aid he would have been burned up. The box is now somewhere down under the station foundation. I don't think it is likely to suffer any from its hot bath. When the ruins are cleared away I'll help you get possession of it."

"My uncle won't let me have it," she replied in a dejected tone. "He'll stay around the station until it is possible for him to dig it out himself, and then he'll hide it somewhere, probably in the ground."

"You and I must stop him from doing anything of that kind. The box of golden eagles is yours. Your grandmother's letter proves that. I promised to stand by you in this matter, and I guess we can manage without taking a lawyer into the case," said the boy confidently. "As soon as we get hold of it I'll take it to my house, if you have no objection, and I'll warrant Mr. Wynch won't be able to take it away from me."

"Oh, Jay, I am so grateful to you for your kindness to me," replied Rose with tears in her eyes.

"Pooh! I'm not doing so much. You know I'm your true friend, so whatever I do for you just consider it as the proper thing on my part."

"I don't know how I shall ever repay you."

"Don't work about that, Rose. I am amply repaid with your friendship."

"You're the best boy in the world, and I shall never forget you as long as I live—never!"

"I don't want you to forget me, for I don't mean to forget you."

"I don't see why you take such an interest in me. I'm only an orphan, and you must know many nicer girls than me in the village."

"There isn't a nicer girl than you in the village, and the fact that you are an orphan doesn't hurt you any. In fact, I care more for you on that account. I feel that you stand in need of a real protector, since your uncle doesn't care to fill the bill, and I'm going to stand by you, as I have told you before, as long as you care to have me do so." She looked gratefully in his face.

"I will try to deserve the friendship you have formed for me," she said in a low voice that somehow thrilled him through and through, and made him feel that he would go through fire and water for her sake. Their conversation was interrupted by outsiders, who, seeing that the end of the station building was likely to be saved, pressed up on the platform and divided their attention between the fire and the pretty girl operator who was sticking to her post in spite of the excitement and the danger so near at hand. A call came over the wire to Rose and she turned to her instrument to answer it.

While she was taking the message, Jay walked away to make a closer inspection of the fire. It was now under control, but it was clear that, with the exception of the office and Rose's room above, the station was practically gutted.

It would have to be entirely rebuilt, and for the time being the station agent and his niece would be obliged to secure temporary quarters else-

where in the neighborhood. The train which left Jersey City at 3:20 now came in and a number of passengers, including Judge Jenkins, alighted. They were astonished to see the condition of the station, and on inquiry soon learned the cause of the fire. The judge was greatly chagrined to find that his big supply of fireworks had gone up in smoke. There was no help for it, however, and the best the gentleman could do was to order by telegraph a fresh supply to be sent on by express Monday morning.

By half-past four the fire was entirely out and the ruins thoroughly drenched. The Plankville fire department then returned to their engine-house in the village, leaving a few loungers behind. Several of these began poking for souvenirs among the blackened debris until the station agent, assisted by Jay, drove them off. Jay then decided to go home, after promising to come back later on and take Rose to his house to have supper and remain all night and over Sunday.

This arrangement was readily agreed to by her uncle, as Mr. Wynch wanted her out of the way while he hunted in the ruins for the iron box and hid it in a safe spot until the station was rebuilt, when he intended to move it back again to his bedroom. Jay was willing to let him recover the box, in order to avoid unpleasant friction, but he meant to watch and see where he hid it. He explained his plans to the girl when he came to take her home with him about six o'clock, and she expressed herself as perfectly satisfied with whatever course he thought proper to pursue.

CHAPTER VII.—Mr. Wynch Recovers the Box and Hides It.

Jay didn't believe that Mr. Wynch would be able to get at the iron box that night, so he did not go down to the station before he went to bed, as he had originally intended. He spent the evening helping to entertain Miss Brierly, whom his mother and sisters had received with every evidence of kindness and hospitality. Soon after breakfast he strolled down to the station with Rose, who only intended to remain long enough to let her uncle go to a restaurant in the village to get his morning meal.

Mr. Wynch had evidently been working hard at the south end of the ruins, for he had cleared quite a bit of the debris away in his hunt for the precious iron box. He was afraid that his niece would put Jay up to looking for the box while he was away; at any rate he didn't like to take any chances on the matter.

Jay, however, had his good clothes on, and did not propose to search among the charred and water-soaked timbers for the box, which he doubted he could lift out without assistance if he found it. Mr. Wynch finally went away, not to the village, but to the house of a man he knew where he got his supper the evening before. He was back inside of an hour and was much relieved to find that Jay was not searching in the ruins, but talking to Rose in the office.

After the nine o'clock train passed Rose and Jay went away. The station agent did not resume his search, as a number of people from

the village came to view the burned station, and they remained around some time. The two rascals who caused the fire, and for whom the constable and several of his assistants were looking, after Jay reported the facts, had the nerve to appear on the scene, though not openly.

They kept out of sight behind the hedge on the opposite side of the tracks and viewed the results of their villainy with a good deal of satisfaction. What their object was in hanging around the neighborhood so long only they themselves knew. The day passed away and about five o'clock Jay and Rose returned to relieve Mr. Wynch for an hour or so.

When he came back he brought a piece of rope, a lantern and a shovel. When Jay saw these articles he had no doubt that the station agent intended to work in the ruins that night, after things got quiet, until he managed to recover the iron box, which he proposed, no doubt, to bury close by. The boy resolved to come back after a while and keep watch on Mr. Wynch's movements.

"If he recovers the box and hides it somewhere close by I'll make a note of the spot, and at the first chance I'll dig it up and carry it to the house," Jay said to Rose on their way back to his house.

"You may have to spend half the night watching him," she replied.

"What's the odds, as long as it's in a good cause?" he laughed.

"You are doing so much for me!" she replied, with shining eyes.

"Glad of the chance," he answered lightly.

"But it isn't fair."

"Why not? I like to do all I can for you. You couldn't get hold of that box without somebody's help."

"No, I could not, and you are very good to take the matter in hand for me."

"I am merely doing the right thing by you, Rose. No use of a fellow telling you he is your friend unless he acts up to his words when it comes to the pinch." Fifteen minutes later Jay left the house and walked toward the station. It was not a very bright night, as but few stars were visible, and there was no moon. A light shone through the station office window. Jay glanced in, but Mr. Wynch was not visible. The boy hardly expected to find him there, so he made his way toward the excavation the station agent had made in the ruins.

Peter Wynch wasn't there, either. All that Jay could see was a dark void among the blackened timbers. The boy wondered where the agent was. After hanging around for a few minutes he returned to the office, tried the door, and, as he expected, found it locked. He walked softly up the entry stairs and found the door of Rose's room, now occupied temporarily by Mr. Wynch, locked too. Whether he was inside or not the boy could not say for certain.

He turned and looked out of the door which before the fire had communicated with the living-room. With the exception of a narrow bit of roof and flooring all beyond that point had been burned away, and so Jay had a clear view of the darkened landscape. The switch light at the southern end of the long freight siding was burning brightly. Several dark blots in that direc-

tion indicated the small freight shed and half a dozen empty box-cars.

As Jay's eyes roved around the landscape his attention was attracted to a light down in the hollow of a near-by field. It appeared and disappeared constantly, as if some object passed frequently between it and the station. Finally the light was raised, apparently by some one, and lowered out of sight. It remained hidden only about half a minute, and was returned to its former place. Jay's curiosity was aroused.

"I'll bet a dollar that Mr. Wynch is over there digging a hole to put the iron box in," he said to himself. "I take it as a sign that he's got the box out of the ruins. I'm going over to investigate." Accordingly Jay made his way to the field in question. Climbing over the fence he located the exact position of the light. It was near the foot of a big oak tree that grew up out of the hollow.

He walked toward it and soon made out the figure of a man at work in a hole. The light came from a lantern standing on the ground, and its rays dimly illuminated the face and figure of Peter Wynch. He was hard at work enlarging the excavation he was making among the roots of the tree. Of course, he could have only one object in laboring so hard at that late hour.

He had found the iron box of golden eagles and was going to bury it there. Jay managed to get quite close without betraying his presence, and he watched the station agent's movements with a quiet chuckle. At length the hole was finished to Mr. Wynch's satisfaction. Then Jay saw him walk a few feet away, bend down and drag something to the hole.

The light flashed upon the iron box with the heavy round knobs. Mr. Wynch lifted it with difficulty and dropped it into the hole, after putting a piece of board down first for it to rest on. He laid a small piece of board on top of it and then began to fill up the hole. When it was level with the surface Jay saw him cover it with several squares of grass turf, so that it would resemble the rest of the ground around it.

"He's foxy, all right," chuckled the boy, as the station agent proceeded to cast the superfluous dirt as far away as he could. When Mr. Wynch had removed, as well as he could, all signs of his late work, he picked up his lantern and walked back to the station. As soon as he had left the field Jay walked up to the tree and took the exact bearings of the spot where the box lay. With his jack-knife he cut a cross in the bark of the tree and then left the field himself.

"He won't disturb that box until the station building shall have been rebuilt, so I have plenty of time in which to get possession of it for Rose," thought the boy as he passed by the burned end of the station and took the road for home. Next morning, which was the Fourth of July, and consequently Jay did not go to New York, he found Rose in the dining-room when he came downstairs. He called her over to the window.

"Your uncle has found the box," he said.

"Has he?"

"Yes, and I watched him bury it at the foot of the big oak in the hollow of the big field opposite the freight siding."

"And that's where it is now?" she said.

"Yes. I guess it's safe enough there until I make arrangements for unearthing it, which I

mean to do soon. I want to do it when he's away from the station getting his dinner or supper. Or if I find he doesn't remain away long enough for me to accomplish the job without risk of him getting on to me, I'll work it at night after he has turned in. I think that would probably be the safest way, as I can't tell how long it would take me single-handed to uncover the box, land it on the ground and get it out of the field."

"When he finds out that it is gone he'll make an awful fuss."

"What if he does? He wouldn't have any grounds for suspecting that I had got hold of it. He wouldn't say anything to you about it, for he has denied to you that he had the box of golden eagles. He wouldn't want to make himself out a liar, so he'd have to grin and bear the loss the best he could."

"Oh, dear! I wish there wasn't so much trouble about it," she said. "My uncle ought to have told me all about it in the first place, and then I would not have objected to him keeping it for me, for I should have had confidence in him. I don't see why he wants to keep the money from me when grandma left it to me."

"Have you any idea how much gold there is in that box?"

"No, but it must be considerable, for grandma was comfortably off."

"The trouble with your uncle is he's avaricious. He wants everything in sight. Ten or twenty thousand dollars in golden eagles looks mighty big to him, and the longer he has it in his possession the less willing he is to give it up. That's the way with many men in this world. Very likely he's a miser at heart."

"I know he likes to hold onto his own money. He doesn't spend any more of his wages than he can help. We've always lived very poorly. I should go hungry many times if I didn't get something extra myself at the village store."

"Well, breakfast is ready. Let me escort you to your chair."

Rose proved herself such a sweet, ladylike girl that she made a very favorable impression on Jay's mother and sisters, and Mrs. Cooke told her she could stay with them until the station was rebuilt. Fourth of July was celebrated in Plankville in good style by the younger generation, who laid out all their pocket money in fire-crackers and other explosives. There was no public demonstration of any kind by the grown folks, as was formerly the custom in rural places, people preferring to stay at home. In fact, Plankville would have been as dead as a churchyard but for the kids. In the evening Judge Jenkins and several other nabobs, who had managed to secure an extra supply of pyrotechnics, illuminated their house and grounds with Japenese lanterns and set off their fireworks. Jay was disappointed because he couldn't follow their example, as he had intended, so he did the next best thing—took Rose and his sisters and mingled with the crowd in front of the judge's home and watched the fun.

CHAPTER VIII.—Jay Goes into the Market Again.

The assignee in charge of Roger Wicks' affairs called Jay into the private room Monday morning

about eleven and told him that he had better look for another position, as he wouldn't want him after Saturday.

"I'd just as soon leave now as at any other time," replied the boy.

"No; I shall want your services during the week."

"All right, sir."

There was little for him to do in the office, as Mr. Griggs attended to all the work there was to be done, and he was not overworked.

"Mr. Duncan just informed me that I could look for another job," Jay said to the gray-headed bookkeeper when he came out of the private room.

"Did he? Well, you expected that, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Got any lines out?"

"No. I'm not going to look for another situation."

"Aren't you?" replied Mr. Griggs in surprise.

"No."

"Going to leave Wall Street for good?"

"No."

"Oh, perhaps you have a situation already secured?"

"No," replied Jay for the third time.

"Then I don't quite catch on to what you mean."

"Will you keep it to yourself if I tell you?"

"Certainly."

"I'm going in business for myself."

"You're going to do what?" asked the bookkeeper, staring at him in some astonishment.

Jay repeated his statement.

"What kind of business?"

"Brokerage."

"You're joking, aren't you, Jay?"

"No, sir. I'm going to hire an office somewhere, in Wall Street if I can, hang out my shingle, and try to build up a trade."

Mr. Griggs favored him with a kind of indulgent smile.

"Got the capital?"

"I've got some capital. Not enough to startle the Street, but enough to be able to start with."

"I should imagine that \$50,000 was the least you'd require to begin with if you were old and experienced enough to embark in the brokerage business," suggested Mr. Griggs with another benevolent smile.

"Then you don't think I'm old enough, or experienced enough, to start out for myself?" said Jay.

"Hardly, in the brokerage business."

"If I said I was going into the shoe-blacking or the paper-selling industry I suppose you wouldn't have such grave doubts as to my business future?" laughed Jay.

"I believe you could do well at something better than those; but the brokerage business—that's aiming high with a vengeance."

"I believe in aiming high. I've been over three years in the financial district, and during that time I haven't been asleep."

"No, I don't think you have. You're as bright and smart as any boy down here, and brighter and smarter than the majority."

"Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Griggs."

"You deserve it. So you really mean to try and become a broker?"

"I do."

"A Curb broker, I suppose?"

"I don't intend to limit myself to Curb stocks. As an evidence that I can do something in the speculative line I will tell you that I cleared \$7,000 in the recent rise of B. & L."

Mr. Griggs looked incredulous.

"Seven thousand dollars! That's a lot of money for a boy of your age to make in the stock market," he said.

"Other boys have done better than that, I've heard, why not I?"

"I haven't heard of any boy making such a haul."

"Why, there was a story in one of the morning papers less than a year ago about Jardine & Co.'s messenger making \$60,000 during a boom in the market."

"Probably a newspaper yarn."

"No, it wasn't. It was a fact."

"Such things don't happen often."

"I'm willing to admit that; but I made my rake-in just the same."

"You were certainly fortunate."

"I'll admit that, too."

"Lots of people were caught in the slump that followed the boom, and several brokers went to the wall."

Mr. Wicks went to the wall, at any rate, and he was operating in a different market. If I'd been Mr. Wicks I should have quit a winner."

"You think you would?" smiled the bookkeeper.

"I do. He had lots of chances to do it. He was away ahead of the game when the Curb opened for business on the day the crash came. He had two hours that morning in which to sell out around 40, and he bought half of his holdings at 14. The trouble with Mr. Wicks was he held on too long."

"I think so myself. I took the liberty of suggesting that he sell a part of his holdings, but he wouldn't listen to me. He was confident that Montana Copper would go to 50."

"I heard lots of people say that B. & L. would surely go to 95, but I didn't believe in taking the chances of it. I meant to sell at 80. I was so busy that I couldn't get my order in before it was going at 88, so I made about \$2,500 more than I would have had I been free to exercise my judgment. An hour and a half after I sold the slump came in the Exchange, which shows you that I had a narrow squeeze because my time was not my own." Jay spoke in such a straightforward businesslike way that the bookkeeper's doubts melted away, and he began to believe that what the boy said was so. He was much astonished to think his assistant had made so much money and had not said a word to him before about the matter.

Apparently young Cooke was not an ordinary boy, and his assertion that he was about to open up for himself did not look so foolish after all. The conversation stopped there, and as the assignee went out about that time, and Mr. Griggs had nothing for him to do, Jay asked him if he might go out for an hour. He got permission, and went over to the gallery of the Stock Exchange. The ticker had shown him a sharp advance in L. & M., and he wanted to see what was in it.

Looking down at the L. & M. standard from his elevated place he saw a well-known broker

named Blackford yelling for the stock and taking in all that was offered. It was going then at 81.

"That stock is going higher," he told himself. "It's a good gilt-edged one. I'm going to take a flyer on it and see if my luck continues." So he went to his safe deposit box, got out \$10,000 and took it around to the little bank on Nassau Street, where he put it up as margin on \$1,000 shares. He found that the price was now up to 82.

"If I'd bought that fifteen minutes ago, I'd have been in \$1,000," he said as he left the bank. He went back to the Exchange gallery. When he left an hour later L. & M. was selling at 84.

"I haven't done so bad since I was out," he said to Mr. Griggs after he hung up his hat.

"How do you mean?" asked the bookkeeper.

"I went over to the Exchange gallery, saw that L. & M. was rising, bought 1,000 shares on margin at 82 and now it's 84. I'm \$2,000 to the good. That's better than working for \$10 a week." Mr. Griggs was astonished. He was not a speculator himself, consequently he never made any more than his wages.

He wasn't worth \$2,000, though he had worked steadily for forty years. The calls always made on his resources by a growing family of girls had kept his nose to the grindstone, as the saying is. He could not help regarding his young assistant with envy.

"How much do you expect to make out of this new speculation of yours?" he asked Jay.

"I haven't the least idea. Instead of making I may land in the soup, but for all that I'm taking the usual chances."

"You had to put up \$10,000.

"Of course."

"I'm afraid you're a bit recyless with your money," said the bookkeeper, shaking his head dubiously. "You mustn't think because you were so lucky as to make \$7,000 out of R. & L. that you can make money every time you speculate. You ought to know with your experience in the Street that the chances are very much against you."

"About ten to one, they say," replied Jay coolly, as if such odds did not worry him a little bit.

"You've got good nerve."

"I believe I have my share," laughed the boy. Jay went to lunch an hour later, and then L. & M. was up to 85 1-2. He mentioned the fact to Mr. Griggs when he looked at the ticker on his return.

"You seem to be very fortunate," said the bookkeeper. "Maybe you are one of those people who are born lucky."

"I hope so. It is better to be born lucky than rich, for if you have luck with you, you are pretty sure to get rich, whereas if you simply start with money you may easily lose it all and wind up in the poorhouse."

"That's right," nodded the bookkeeper, thinking that he had not been born either lucky or rich, just like the average mortal who has to hustle through life to make ends meet. When the Exchange closed at three o'clock L. & M. was going at 88 3-8, with every sign of opening still higher in the morning. When Jay finally took the train for home he felt that, no matter what the ultimate result might be, he was \$6,000

richer than when he came to the city in the morning, which was a very pleasant reflection.

CHAPTER IX.—Jay Hires an Office in Wall Street.

Jay hadn't said anything to his mother and sisters about the \$7,000 he made in B. & L., and he was equally silent about his new and promising deal.

He had hinted to Rose, in a general way, that he was making money in Wall Street, because he wanted to impress the girl with the fact that though he was a boy he was a man in some things.

He said nothing to her, however, about his present deal, and how he had made in prospect \$6,000 that day.

When he got off the train he noticed that the railroad had sent a gang of men to clear away the ruins of the station preparatory to immediate rebuilding.

They had worked so expeditiously that everything was ready for the carpenters to start in on the morrow.

He mentioned the fact to Rose.

"Yes," she replied, "they have been busy all day. The carpenters are coming tomorrow. They are going to tear the unburned part of the building down."

"Then I suppose they'll put up a temporary shanty for the office, with a room for Mr. Wynch to sleep in?" he said.

"Of course. We have to have an office to transact business in and sell tickets."

Jay took Rose to the station after supper and remained with her till she was ready to return with him.

About nine o'clock a freight train came in and switched two flat cars full of lumber and building materials on the siding.

The division superintendent had been down that day making an investigation into the cause of the fire.

He learned that Jay had reported that it had been caused by two rascals who had previously made an attempt to rob the station, and he expressed a desire to see the Wall Street boy at his office in Jersey City in the morning.

Rose told the superintendent that the office safe would have been looted only for Jay's opportune appearance on the scene and his pluck in attacking the men single-handed after releasing her from the chair to which the rascals had bound her.

The official said that Jay was entitled to the thanks of the company, and that he would bring the matter to the attention of the president.

Jay made no move about digging up the iron box that night, and next morning he took a later train than usual for Jersey City, intending to call at the office of the division superintendent.

When he reached that official's office he had to wait a while for him to appear.

He was immediately admitted and told his story about the origin of the fire.

The superintendent made some notes, and then questioned him about the attempted robbery, which Rose had reported over the wire on the morning after the incident.

The official complimented Jay on his courage, and thanked him for interfering in the company's interest.

He repeated his promise to make his services known at headquarters.

Several days later Jay received an autographic letter from the president officially conveying his and the company's thanks for what he did that night.

As evidence of the corporation's appreciation he was furnished with a year's pass over the line between Jersey City and Plankville.

After leaving the division superintendent's office he took the ferry for New York, arriving at the office two hours late.

He explained the cause of it to the assignee, who had been looking for him, and his excuse was considered satisfactory.

When Jay looked at the ticker he saw that L. & M. had opened at 88 5-8, and was now selling at 90 1-8.

When he went to lunch it was going at 92 3-8.

"I guess I won't risk it going much higher," he said to himself. "A profit of \$10,000 in the hand is worth \$15,000 in the bush. I'm going to sell out and be on the safe side."

He did before he went to the restaurant. On returning to the office the stock was up to 94, but he didn't care.

"I've sold out at a profit of \$10,000," he said to Mr. Griggs. "That isn't so bad, though I could have made more if I had waited till after my lunch. It is now a point and a half higher than when I cashed in, but it's worth that to get the risk off my mind."

When Jay next looked at the ticker he found that L. & M. had dropped to 92.

"I guess I didn't sell out any too quick, after all," he thought. "It may go still lower before the Exchange closes."

As a matter of fact it did go down to 89 that afternoon, though it went up again next day a couple of points or so.

However, now that he was out of it Jay lost interest in it, though he kept track of it in a general way, as he did of other stocks on the list.

Next day while on an errand to a broker in the Sullivan Building in Wall Street he learned that there was a small office on the fifth floor for rent.

He hunted up the janitor and got him to show it to him. Then he called on the agent on the ground floor and offered to take it.

"Who is it for?" the man asked.

"Myself," replied Jay.

"I am afraid you are hardly responsible enough. You are not of age, are you?"

"No, sir; but I've got the money, just the same, and I can refer you to Mr. Wicks, of No. — Broad Street. I'm willing to pay you six months' rent in advance."

"Come and see me tomorrow and I'll give you my answer."

When Jay reached Plankville that afternoon he saw that the entire framework of the new station was in place. At the rate the carpenters were working the structure would shortly be completely, and the boy judged that it was time for him to think about getting hold of the iron box for Rose. He had hardly finished supper, and was preparing to escort the girl to the shed

near the railroad tracks which had been put up by the carpenters for a temporary office for Mr. Wynch and his niece when a shrewd-looking man called at the cottage and asked for him.

He proved to be one of the railroad company's detectives, and had called on Jay to get an exact description of the two crooks responsible for the fire at the station. Jay furnished him with all the points he could, and the men went away.

The boy then took Rose to the station.

He returned home immediately to make his arrangements for getting the iron box. The first thing he did was to go to the village general store where his mother dealt and ask for the loan of the hand-cart.

He trundled it to his house, put a shovel, a piece of board and a small coil of rope in it.

Going to his room he got his electric illuminator and put it in his pocket.

He didn't intend to set out until after he had brought Rose back to the house around one o'clock.

He remained in his room reading till midnight, when he started for the station.

The girl remained on duty till the last train, due at Plankville at 12:40, had passed on its way south, then she put on her hat, turned down the light half way, and locked the door after her.

Mr. Wynch, who was asleep in the next room, had a duplicate key to let himself out with in the morning. When Jay and Rose stepped into the road they became aware that a thunderstorm was approaching. The sky to the southeast was banked up with threatening black clouds that were full of electric flashes and rumbling thunder.

The storm seemed to be coming up pretty fast.

"I'm afraid that storm is going to put the kibosh on my expedition tonight," Jay said, looking dubiously at the distant heavens.

"Well, never mind," Rose answered; "tomorrow night or the night after will do as well."

"I'm afraid it will have to do, from the looks of things."

By the time they reached the Cooke cottage the wind that preceded as well as accompanied the thunderstorm burst on the village with a mighty swoop and Jay gave up his projected expedition then and there.

Fifteen minutes later it was raining to beat the band, the thunder was booming like salvos of artillery in a battle, and the lightning cut vivid streaks in the heavens.

It was momentarily growing worse and worse when Jay tumbled into bed, and he went to sleep in the midst of it.

Next morning the only evidence of the storm was the rain-soaked ground.

Jay was up early and returned the push-cart to the store, telling the proprietor that he would borrow it again that night or the next, as the storm had prevented him from using it the night previous. When he went to lunch that day he called on the agent of the Sullivan Building for his answer with respect to the office.

He was told that he could have it by paying the rent in full up to the following first of May, and in consideration of his doing so 5 per cent. interest would be allowed him on the money and would be deducted from the amount.

Jay agreed to the agent's terms, got the money and paid it over and received a receipt entitling

him to the office until May first of the coming year. Telling the agent that he would take possession on the following Monday, he returned to the office.

CHAPTER X.—Jay Cooke, Stocks and Bonds.

After making an inspection of the new station that afternoon when he got off the train, Jay decided to postpone his expedition after the iron box until the next night, which was Saturday.

He could better afford to be up Saturday night than any other, as he could sleep as long as he chose Sunday morning.

"When do the carpenters expect to get through with the station?" he asked Rose on reaching the cottage.

"About the middle of next week," she replied.

"Then it will have to be painted inside and out with two coats, at any rate."

"Yes."

"After which Mr. Wynch will have to refurnish his rooms, yours excepted."

"Of course."

"I dare say he'll do it as cheaply as he can, but still he's bound to squeal at the expense. I suppose he didn't have his stuff insured?"

"No. An insurance agent in the village wanted him to take out a policy this spring, but he wouldn't pay the small premium."

"Now he's kicking himself because he didn't do it, I'll bet."

"I haven't heard him say anything about it."

"You won't be able to move into your new quarters for more than a week yet, I guess."

"Not for ten days, at least."

"Well, unless something unforeseen turns up, I'm going after your box of golden eagles tomorrow night. Was the company's detective around to-day?"

"I didn't see him."

"I think it is doubtful if he finds any trace of those two rascals. Neither Constable Pettingill nor his deputies have seen them anywhere. From which I opine they have decamped from the neighborhood."

"I hope they have," she replied.

"By the way, I told you that my boss had failed and was going out of business."

"Yes. I suppose you are looking for another position."

"No. I've rented an office in the Sullivan Building, in Wall Street, and I'm going to open up for myself some day next week, after I get the place fitted up."

"Are you really?" asked Rose, who did not think it remarkable for a smart boy like Jay to go into business for himself.

"Yes. I haven't said a word to mother or the girls about it yet. They think I am foraging for a new job. I'm going to wait till everything is in shape and then give them a surprise."

Next morning at nine o'clock Jay turned up at Roger Wicks' office for the last time. He congratulated himself over the fact that as soon as he got his pay envelope about noon he would be his own boss, accountable for his actions to nobody but himself.

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He had \$22,000 in bills in his safe deposit box, and he hoped to increase that sum by private

speculation while waiting for customers to come. His purpose was to advertise steadily in some of the financial journals and try and catch out-of-town customers on the mail order basis.

He didn't look for city trade until he could make a showing that would attract them, and that would hardly be for some time.

By devoting all his energies to the market he hoped to do well whether he had any customers or not.

"Well, Mr. Griggs, I've got an office rented," he said to the bookkeeper during the morning.

"Have you?" replied Mr. Griggs, who no longer saw anything ridiculous in that fact.

"Room 119, Sullivan Building, Wall Street. Come up and see me around the end of next week. I'll have it fitted up by that time."

"I will."

"Have you placed yourself yet?"

"No, though I have expectations in two directions."

"I hope you'll catch on soon. I guess you can't afford to be long out of a position."

"No, I can't. Times are too strenuous for me to go around with my hands in my pockets," replied the bookkeeper soberly.

"There are a whole lot of people in the same boat."

"You are very lucky to be able to make a start for yourself unhampered by any of the serious ties of life," replied Mr. Griggs in a wistful tone. "I never had the chance you enjoy now. I hope for your own sake you will make good use of your opportunities. Fortune may only knock at one's door once in a lifetime, and if you don't take advantage of her visit your future life may be full of regrets."

"I don't mean to let any of my chances get away from me if I can help myself," answered Jay.

At that moment the assignee called the boy to run out with a message to his lawyer, and the conversation terminated. Half-past twelve came at last and Jay received his final pay ticket. When he bade the assignee good-by the gentleman asked him if he had secured a position, or had any prospects of one.

"I'm fixed all right," replied the boy.

"Glad to hear it," was the answer, and they shook hands and parted.

"Don't fail to call on me if you can," said Jay to Mr. Griggs when he said good-by to the bookkeeper, who was to remain another week, and Mr. Griggs said he would. Then Jay walked out of the office. He didn't go home immediately, but hunted up a painter, took him around to the Sullivan Building and waited there until the man painted the following sign on the door of the little office:

JAY COOKE,
Stocks and Bonds. Curb Stocks Dealt In.

After paying the painter he went to lunch. Subsequently he went to a Nassau Street firm that dealt in office furniture and bought what he needed, ordering the same to be delivered on Monday morning. Next he ordered a small safe and left his name to be painted on it. Then he bought a rug, several pictures, and a few other things he calculated that he needed. After that he arranged to have a ticker put in, and that com-

pleted his work for the day, so he went to the ferry and took the next train for home. He found that the roofers were at work on the top of the station, and the carpenters working inside.

There was still a lot of work to be done on the building, and Jay did not believe they would be finished for another week. When he got home he picked up the village paper which was issued Wednesday and Saturday mornings. There was an account of several robberies that had occurred in the neighborhood of the village of Edenvale, six miles away. They were reported as the work of experienced thieves, and Jay wondered if they had been committed by the two crooks who had set the station on fire. After taking Rose to the station after supper Jay returned to prepare for his expedition after the box containing the golden eagles, which he was determined to put through that night.

He borrowed the push-cart again from the store and put into it the articles he figured he would need for the job. He went to the station after Rose about twelve, but instead of going to the shanty put up for a temporary office he turned off into the field where the oak tree grew out of the hollow. He examined the earth around the spot where Mr. Wynch buried the iron box, with the aid of his electric illuminator, to see whether the ground showed any signs of having been recently disturbed. It looked just the same as ever, and satisfied that the box was still there he walked over to the shed and presented himself before the girl. They left together at about a quarter to one, as usual.

"Everything is ready for my work tonight," he told her on the way home. "There is no fear of another thunderstorm interfering with me this time, for you can see that the sky is as clear as a bell. Tomorrow morning I hope to be able to show you the box containing your golden eagles."

"I wish you'd let me go with you."

"I'm afraid you couldn't be of much use, Rose," he answered. "It would only keep you out of bed to no particular purpose, and I don't believe you're afraid that I will run off with your property."

"Of course not. How foolish!" he cried, laying her hand confidently on his arm.

"I don't expect to be gone over an hour, for the box is not buried very deep."

He let the girl into the house, and then going to the small barn at the back of the yard, pulled the push-cart out and started on his expedition.

CHAPTER XI.—Taken by Surprise.

Jay pushed the cart before him down the lonesome road toward the railroad tracks. He was conscious that he had quite a job before him if the box proved as heavy as he judged it to be. Still, he had seen Mr. Wynch lift it, though with great difficulty, and he was satisfied that he was as strong as the station agent. However, he had plenty of time in which to carry out his enterprise. It was half a mile from his home to the railroad, and when he reached the upper corner of the field near the station he took down a section of the fence so that he could wheel his cart inside.

He left the cart on the outer edge of the hollow

under the sweeping branches of the wide-spreading oak tree. Taking out the shovel he walked to the roots of the tree and began to dig in front of the cross he had cut in the bark. The only sounds that broke the stillness were the croak of the frogs in the creek near by, and the chirping of the crickets and other nocturnal insects. Jay had little fear of being disturbed at his work, for he didn't believe there was a soul abroad in the vicinity at that hour. He was mistaken, however. Two rough-looking men were walking along the track from the direction of Edenvale, with bags over their shoulders, when Jay came down the road with his cart, and they saw him.

Not wishing to be seen, and presuming he was bound across the track into the road beyond, they hid behind the corner of the fence near the shed used for the temporary station. When they saw the boy stop, take down the fence and push his cart into the field their curiosity was aroused.

"What do you s'pose he's up to, Jim, at this time of the night?" said one of them.

"How should I know?" growled the one addressed as Jim.

"Looks kind of queer, doesn't it?" said the first speaker.

"Kinder," replied the other.

"Let's follow him and see what his game is."

"I'm with you, pal."

They left their bags under the shadow of the fence, crossed the road and entered the field at the moment Jay stopped under the tree.

"He's got a shovel," said Jim. "Goin' to dig for somethin' under that tree."

"I wonder what's buried there? Can't be much, for he's a boy."

"We'll see, at any rate. Never let a chance slip, is my motto."

They crept close up to the tree, and lying flat on the ground watched Jay as he slung the dirt out of the hole. At length he struck the board that Mr. Wynch had laid on top of the iron box. Removing the rest of the soil that lay on top of it Jay reached down and pulled the board out. Flashing his electric illuminator into the hole he saw the box just as the station agent left it. There was a brass handle at each end of it. Jay got hold of one of them and lifted the box on its end. Then he went back to the cart to get the coil of rope. Had he been suspicious of intruders, and looked carefully around on the ground behind the tree, he would have seen the forms of the two men lying on the grass.

The presence of interlopers, however, was the last thing that would have occurred to him, and, besides, his thoughts were entirely occupied with the work in hand. He looked neither to the right nor the left, but took the rope from the cart and returned to the tree. He ran the line through the uppermost handle of the box, and turning his back on the hole threw the doubled strands over his shoulder and began to tug away at the weight at the other end. The box slowly but surely emerged from the hole until it landed on the top of the ground. Then turning in the direction of the cart, Jay, without much trouble, dragged the box up to it.

All he had to do now was to get it into the vehicle, throw in his shovel, and start for home. To facilitate this part of the job Jay took the piece of board from the cart and laid it as an inclined way from the ground to the back of the

little wagon. To prevent the cart from tipping he placed another board under the end. Everything being ready, he grabbed the heavy box and began to slide it up into the vehicle. The two ill-dressed men watched him now with no little surprise and curiosity. They could see that the article he had dug up was an iron box that, from its odd and ancient look, appeared to contain something of value. That fact interested them greatly.

"Say, Bill," whispered Jim, "maybe that there box contains silver plate that somebody buried under that tree, and the boy has dug it up for them. What d'ye think?"

"Dunno what to think, but I reckon we oughtn't to let it get away from us. We ought to be able to manage that boy easy enough, for there ain't nobody 'round here to help him. We can cart it away somewhere, break it open and see what's in it."

"I'm with you," replied Jim. "Must be somethin' valuable, or it wouldn't be hidden in the ground. Then the boy comin' at this time of night after it looks like he didn't want nobody to learn about it."

"That's right," agreed Bill. "By the way, that kid looks like the chap that put a spoke in our wheel the night we tried to rob the station. If it's him, it would be a lot of satisfaction to me to do him out of that box."

"Bet your life," replied his companion.

"We'll wait till he gets the box into the cart, then we'll jump on him and take him by surprise. He's got rope enough with him for us to tie him up twice over."

Jay was a stout boy, and it didn't take him long to slide the iron box into the cart. Shoving it forward Jay shut the rear flap of the cart, threw in his shovel and was ready to leave the field when he was seized from behind by the two rascals.

"I reckon we've got you, young feller, at last," said the man Bill with a triumphant chuckle.

Jay squirmed far enough around to recognize the speaker as the bearded comrade of the fellow who set the station on fire. He didn't need to ask himself who the other man was.

He realized that he was in the hands of the two crooks who had so far successfully eluded capture at the hands of the village constables as well as the railroad detective.

"I'll hold him, Bill, while you tie him," said Jim, clinching Jay by both arms.

Bill, whose other name was Travers, picked up the rope, and in spite of the boy's struggles bound his arms behind his back. Then he tied Jay's legs together, and the Wall Street lad found himself helpless.

"We've been watchin' you dig that box up," said Bill. "What's in it?"

"Nothing that belongs to you," replied Jay crustily.

"That's where you're wrong," chuckled the man. "We've taken charge of it now, and we're goin' to take the liberty of openin' it as soon as we cart it to our headquarters. What'll we do with him, Jim? We owe him somethin' for queerin' us, you know, and also for showin' that gun in our faces the other night when we paid him a visit. This is a good chance to square accounts with him."

"I guess it'll make things even by takin' this

box and cart away from him," answered Jim. "We'll leave him under the tree. He won't be able to get away till somebody finds him here and lets him loose, and as to-morrow's Sunday, I'm thinkin' he'll have a long wait," laughed the rascal.

Jim's suggestion took with Bill, so between them they carried Jay down into the hollow, dumped him into the hole in a sitting posture, and after a few jeering remarks they left him there, and pushed the cart out of the field into the road.

They then drew it toward the railroad tracks, stopping long enough to get their bags, which they put into it, after which they crossed the railroad and started down the country road on the other side.

CHAPTER XII.—The Tables Are Turned

Jay was dismayed and chagrined by the unexpected turn of events. After all his trouble Rose's little fortune had been captured by the two crooks who he supposed were far away from that neighborhood. The fact that he had been left bound and helpless in the hollow did not bother him half so much as the thought that Rose's box of golden eagles was in danger of vanishing forever. That reflection goaded him to desperation, and he struggled fiercely to release himself. His efforts would probably have amounted to little but for the fact that the men had, in their haste, tied him rather clumsily. The result was Jay's struggles loosened the rope above his elbows, and he was able to work it down far enough for him to release his right arm.

The line then fell away from his left one.

Drawing his knife from his pocket he cut his legs loose and stood up a free boy. It took Jay all of twenty minutes to get rid of his bonds, and then he lost no time in looking for the two rascals.

They and the cart were not in sight anywhere. Jay was half wild at the loss of the box of golden eagles. He looked up and down the railroad, thinking they might have gone in either direction, but there was no sign of them. Then it struck him that they must have gone down the road, which would be easier traveling for the cart than the railroad bed. He was pretty certain they wouldn't go toward the village. So, fully determined to try and overtake them, he started in the actual direction they had followed. He walked at least two miles without discovering the slightest trace of them.

As he had hustled he was satisfied if they had come that way that he should have overtaken them, encumbered as they were by the cart and its contents.

It happened, however, that after following the road for about a mile the rascals turned up an old, disused lane which Jay did not notice in his haste. The lane took them to a deserted and ruinous mill on the bank of the creek. This was their headquarters in the neighborhood, and where they had kept under cover while the constable and his deputies were searching for them. They carried the iron box and their bags into the mill and down into the cellar, after shoving the cart out of sight into a clump of bushes. Lighting a piece of candle stuck in the neck of an empty whisky bottle they proceeded to examine the box with great curiosity.

"How are we goin' to open it?" asked Jim with a dubious look. "The blamed thing looks as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar."

"We'll try to bust it with a stone," replied his companion.

"Don't believe it'll work," said Jim.

They found a pretty good sized stone that had been used in the foundation of the building and with it tried to smash in the cover of the box. Their efforts panned out badly.

All they succeeded in doing was to dent the iron a little.

"This is as strong as a safe," said Jim. "We can't open it without some kind of proper implements."

"Well, I know where we'll get 'em," replied Bill.

"Where?"

"At the cross-roads, two miles from here, is a blacksmith's shop. We can easily break into the place and get a sledge-hammer and a cold-chisel. With them we'll be able to make short work of this box. Come on. We'll go there now. The sooner we get the job over the sooner we can turn in," said Bill Travers.

So the two rascals, after hauling the box into a corner and throwing their bags on top of it, started for the blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads. In the meantime Jay continued on till he reached the cross-roads, and there he came to a halt before the blacksmith's shop, quite discouraged over his non-success in overtaking the two rascals.

"It seems pretty certain that they didn't come this way after all," he said to himself. "I have walked three miles to no purpose. Those scoundrels have managed to get clean off with the box, and I haven't the least idea where to look for them. I don't know how I'm going to face Rose in the morning and tell her what has happened. I might better have let her miserly uncle dig the box up and advised her to resort to legal means to get her rights. I'm afraid she'll never forgive me for being the cause of her losing her fortune. Gee! This is simply fierce."

At that moment two men suddenly slipped up alongside of the Wall Street boy. One of them seized him by the arm and peered into his face.

"Why, you're Jay Cooke, aren't you?" he asked in some surprise.

"That's my name. Who are you?"

"Don't remember me, eh? My name is Edward Tucker. I'm the railroad detective who called to see you night before last about those rascals who caused the destruction of the station."

"I recollect you now. Glad to see you. Out hunting them, I suppose?" said Jay.

"Yes. This is Mr. Waters, a Jersey City detective. He's after them on suspicion that they committed the recent burglaries at Edenvale. What are you doing out here so far from your home at this hour in the morning?"

"Hunting for those two rascals myself."

"You are!" exclaimed the railroad detective in astonishment.

"Yes. I had a run-in with them to-night in the field near the station, and I got the worst of it, because they took me by surprise."

"How long ago was that?"

"Something over an hour. I had in my possession an iron box containing property of consider-

able value. It belongs to a young lady—in fact, I may as well admit that it is the property of Miss Brierly."

"The night operator at Plankville?" said the detective.

"Yes. Well, these rascals took it away from me, together with a push-cart I borrowed from Mr. Hill's general store. They bound me hand and foot and left me alone in the field. It took me nearly half an hour to get free, by which time they were out of sight. Believing they had come down this road I started after them, and here I am, pretty well satisfied now that they went in some other direction, and that I've had my trouble for nothing. I'm afraid they'll break open the iron box and get away with its contents."

"What do you think, Waters? We'd better get back to the railroad and see if we can catch a scent there. What do you say?"

"I think so. We can—hist! There's two men coming down the road now. Get behind this shop. These may be our men."

"Have they got a cart?" asked Jay.

"No."

"Can't be them, then."

"We'll soon see who they are," replied the Jersey City detective, drawing Jay out of view of the road.

The two men in question, notwithstanding Jay's assertion to the contrary, were Bill Travers and his pal Jim. They were coming to the blacksmith shop to get the implements with which to force open the iron box. They had not the least suspicion that they were walking into a trap. The two detectives watched them narrowly as they approached.

Finally they asked Jay to peep out and see if he recognized them. He did so and was surprised to note that they were the two rascals, indeed, but without the cart and plunder. Where had they left the cart and the iron box? That was the problem which interested the boy.

"Those are the crooks," he told the detectives.

"Sure of that, are you?" said the railroad man.
"Positive."

"Then we'll pinch them in short order."

Jay and the two officers supposed that the men were bound further down the road, and were surprised when they came toward the blacksmith shop. The concealed trio soon saw that the rascals intended to break into the shop, and they wondered what object they could have in doing so, since there was hardly anything in the place that would pay them to carry off. The detectives decided to let them enter the shop and then rush in and capture them. It did not take the crooks more than three minutes to force the door of the smithy. They had hardly entered the shanty when the detectives pounced upon them with a suddenness that staggered them. They hadn't the ghost of a show, as they were unarmed, while the officers covered them with their revolvers and called on them to surrender.

"We give up," said Bill Travers.

What Jim said was more expressive than polite. The detectives decided to take the crooks to the Plankville lock-up for the night, that being the nearest jail.

"Now, then, my fine fellows, start yourselves back the way you came. Remember, there's a

couple of six-shooters behind you, so don't try to give us the slip anywhere along the route," said the railroad officer.

CHAPTER XIII.—After the Golden Eagles.

When the two rascals were finally landed at the Plankville lock-up about four o'clock in the morning Jay made another attempt to get them to admit what they had done with the iron box and the push-cart, but they wouldn't make the slightest admissions on the subject. Jay then went home wondering how he was going to square himself with Rose, though he could hardly blame himself for what had happened. It was noon when he came downstairs. He determined to face the music at once, so he took the girl aside and told her all that had happened during the night.

"I don't blame you, Jay," said Rose when he had finished. "Those men took you by surprise, so how could you help yourself?"

"I know that, but still the fact that I had a hand in placing your little fortune in jeopardy makes me feel bad. They are in jail, it is true, but they won't say what they did with the iron box. They may have buried it somewhere temporarily until they could get the tools to open it with. I judge that their object in breaking into the blacksmith shop where we pinched them was for that purpose. I have offered the two officers a reward of \$200 if they can find the box, and they are going to give the matter their attention. I am also going to hunt for it myself all around the neighborhood. I shall leave no stone unturned, nor will I spare any reasonable sum of money in my efforts to recover your box of golden eagles," he said resolutely.

"I know you will do all you can," she replied, giving him a look that made his heart beat faster.

"But if I should fail to find it you would never forgive me, would you?" he said.

"I have told you that I do not blame you, Jay. Should it be lost to me forever that fact will not alter my feelings toward you. I shall like you just as much as ever," she answered earnestly.

"Well, all I can say is that you're the best and sweetest girl in all the world, and I'll spend \$10,000 if necessary to recover your box."

"No, you mustn't spend your money recklessly. Use all necessary means to find it, and if you are successful I will be able to repay you at once, otherwise you'll have to give me time to make it up to you."

"I will certainly use all means I can to recover it, but it won't cost you a cent, Rose. I consider myself responsible for it, notwithstanding the fact that I lost it through no fault of my own."

"That isn't fair, Jay, and I won't allow you to spend your money without returning it to you as soon as I can," she replied decidedly. "You have done so much for me already that I don't know how I shall ever be able to square the account."

"Maybe you can some day."

"I don't see how."

"I see how."

"Tell me."

"Not now. Some time I will."

The announcement that dinner was ready put

an end to their conversation for the time being, and notwithstanding the hard luck he had encountered in connection with the iron box Jay sat down to the meal with a good appetite.

That afternoon he started off by himself on a still hunt to try and find the hiding-place of the iron box. He walked down the road he followed early that morning, keeping his eyes wide open for signs of the narrow trail the push-cart must have made if the rascals had wheeled it in that direction, as he was satisfied they had.

There were so many wagon marks in the dusty road that it was impossible to distinguish the one he was after, but he prosecuted his search just the same. At length, after going a mile, he came to the narrow weed-covered lane leading toward the old mill on the creek. Here he examined the ground more critically, and he noticed the faint trace of a pair of narrow wheels.

"They turned in here, for a dollar," he said. "I'll bet they carried the box to the old mill. That would make a fine riding-place for it."

After going a short distance up the lane he saw the tracks of the cart quite plainly.

"I'm on the right scent," he breathed with great satisfaction.

Finally he reached the open space in front of the ruined building. Here he saw the marks of the wheels running into the bushes. He followed them and discovered the cart, upside down, in the midst of a dense clump of underbrush.

"Hurrah!" he shouted in great delight. "The box may be hidden under it."

He turned the cart over, but there was nothing under it but the shovel.

"It must be in the mill. I'll search the place all over if necessary."

Leaving the cart where it was he entered the mill. The upper part was entirely gone, only the two rooms on the ground floor remaining in any kind of shape. It only took him a few minutes to see that the iron box was not in either of the rooms. Then he went down the solid wooden stairway into the cellar. The afternoon sunshine shone freely into it through the broken wall. In one place a whole section of the foundation had caved in. He searched the cellar carefully, going over the dark corners with the aid of matches, but not a sign did he see of the iron box.

The reader may wonder at this, for the two rascals had merely shoved the box and the two bags into a corner and left them there, as they expected to be back in about an hour with implements from the blacksmith shop. The fact was, soon after they went away that corner of the foundation had caved in, undermined by the late thunderstorm, and the box, with the bags, were now covered with a ton of stone and dried mortar.

Jay was, of course, unaware of the fact, consequently he failed in his search, although the object of it was within a few feet of him all the time.

"They must have buried the box," he thought, feeling greatly disappointed.

He looked the cellar over for signs of recent excavation, but there were none. Then he went outside and examined the underbrush where he had found the cart.

"There is no doubt that that box is somewhere here; the question is, just where," he said to himself as he continued his search.

At length he went back to the cellar again and spent another hour there. Finally, as the sun was now low in the horizon, he was obliged to abandon the quest for the day. He left the cart where it was and returned home. Supper was waiting for him. After the meal he took Rose to the station, and on the way he told her the results of his afternoon search for the box.

"I'm satisfied I've located it," he told her. "It is somewhere around the old mill. I believe it's in the cellar, and I'm going to make a further hunt for it—in fact, I'll pull everything to pieces there but I'll find it."

Rose was much encouraged by his hopeful outlook, and believed that her property would ultimately be found.

"Wherever those rascals hid it we may consider it safe as long as they are in jail. The old mill is hardly ever visited by any one, so there is very little chance of anybody else finding the box. Under the circumstances I think there is every prospect now of you getting your golden eagles," said Jay with an encouraging smile.

Next morning Jay was undecided whether to remain in Plankville that day and make another hunt at the mill, but finally decided not to, as he wanted to be at his office when his furniture and fittings arrived. He had to appear at the examination of the two rascals, however, before he left. Rose also appeared against them on behalf of the railroad company. They pleaded not guilty of all the charges brought against them, but the evidence was sufficient to cause them to be held for trial. Both detectives took them in charge and carried them to Jersey City, where they were locked up and the case put in the hands of the district attorney. Jay went on the same train, and at the ferry landing took the boat for New York. He found on arriving at the Sullivan Building that a part of his things had come and had been placed in his office. Before he went to lunch a man came to install the ticker, and later on the safe was hoisted up and placed where Jay wanted it. In fact, before he left for home everything was ready for business, and he felt that at last he was a full-fledged broker.

CHAPTER XIV.—Jay Makes Two Successful Deals in the Market.

The two detectives, anxious to earn the \$200, had returned to Plankville and spent the afternoon hunting for the box. Jay had intended to remain home on Tuesday and tackle the mill again, but the sudden rise in J. & S. shares before the Exchange closed attracted his attention, and he thought so well of the prospect of the stock going up several points more that he bought 2,000 shares at 75, and as it was necessary for him to give close attention to his new deal he decided to postpone his search, believing the box was quite safe in its hiding-place, as indeed it was. Next day J. & S. went up two points, and on Wednesday two points more. On Thursday, while Jay was in the visitors' gallery a broker appeared at the pole and began bidding for it.

Inside of half an hour the stock was going at 86. As Jay had no inside knowledge to work on he decided that he had better sell out before mat-

ters took a turn the other way. Accordingly he went around to the little bank where he had made the deal and told the margin clerk to sell his 2,000 shares. This was done right away, and when Jay got his statement and check next day he found he had made \$22,000, and had just doubled his working capital. J. & S. went a little higher and then gradually declined without creating any excitement. The short-lived boom of J. & S. was hardly forgotten by the brokers when another one started in W. & V. shares. Jay heard a bunch of brokers talking about it on Saturday morning.

At present W. & V. was ruling at 79. Jay went into the gallery again and he saw that a prominent broker was taking in the stock whenever it was offered. That satisfied him that there was something doing in it, so he bought 5,000 shares before he started for home. When he reached Plankville he was stopped on the platform by Mr. Wynch, who looked to be in extremely bad humor.

"Look here, Cooke," the old man said, "do you know anything about that iron box which you saw in my room at the time of the fire, and which I afterward dug out of the ruins and buried for safe-keeping in yonder field?"

"I know that it belongs to your niece, Miss Brierly."

"That's false. It belongs to me. Did she tell you that it belonged to her?"

"She did, and I believe her."

"I tell you she is mistaken about it. The box and contents are mine."

"Well, what about it?"

"I buried it under the big oak tree in the hollow of the field. I have discovered that it has been dug up by somebody who learned in some way that I buried it there. Did you dig it up?"

"Why do you ask me that question?"

"Because I suspect you to be in league with my niece to deprive me of that box."

"If it happens to be her property I don't see where your kick comes in."

"I tell you it is not her property!" roared the station agent angrily.

"She claims it, and has a letter to prove that her grandmother left it to her."

"That isn't the box referred to in that letter."

"Isn't it? Then where is the box mentioned in the letter?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"I should think you'd made it your business to keep track of a box containing a lot of golden eagles for your niece's sake."

"Her grandmother left all her money to charity."

"I suppose that can be proved. I shall advise Miss Brierly to put the matter in the hands of a good lawyer."

At these words Mr. Wynch looked greatly disturbed.

"You mustn't put foolish ideas in my niece's head," he said.

"I don't think that is a foolish idea. However, I sha'n't say anything about the matter till she gets hold of the iron box which you buried and which I feel sure belongs to her."

"What!" gasped the agent. "Didn't you dig it up and take it to your house and hide it for her?"

Jay then told Mr. Wynch all the circumstances

connected with the box and its appearance as far as he was acquainted with them.

"How did you know I buried it under that tree?" demanded the agent.

"I suspected that is what you meant to do with it as soon as you got it out of the ruins, so I watched you at night and saw you hide it under the oak," replied Jay.

Mr. Wynch seemed to have some doubts about the truthfulness of the boy's statement concerning the part the crooks had in the matter.

He believed that Jay was trying to hoodwink him, and he threatened to apply for a search-warrant to go through his mother's cottage.

"You can go ahead and get out your warrant. I'll guarantee you won't find the box, because it isn't in my house."

"Then I'll have you up before the justice and compel you to tell where it is."

"I couldn't tell what I don't know; but I warn you if you do have me summoned Miss Brierly shall go before the justice, too, tell her story and produce her grandmother's letter. I guess that will call for explanations on your part that might embarrass you."

Mr. Wynch didn't relish the turn the conversation was taking and walked away.

As next day was Sunday Jay planned to take Rose with him to the old mill and make another hunt for the box of golden eagles. When he got up in the morning the weather looked so threatening that he put the trip off to the afternoon. It commenced to rain about noon and rained steadily till dark, and that prevented them from undertaking the trip. During the greater part of the following week Jay's attention was taken up with W. & V., which was the cause of considerable excitement at the Exchange. On Thursday the stock boomed to 95, and at that figure Jay sold, cleaning up a profit of \$64,000, and raising his capital to over \$100,000.

When Jay reached Plankville that afternoon he found a load of cheap furniture and other household effects at the station and the men moving the stuff upstairs into Mr. Wynch's new quarters.

The furniture belonging to Rose's room, which had escaped the fire, and which Mr. Wynch had been making use of while his niece was staying at the Cooke cottage, had been returned to her new room, and everything would be ready that night for her to resume her duties next day as her uncle's housekeeper. It happened that the following Sunday was also rainy and disagreeable, so Jay postponed his trip to the old mill once more.

CHAPTER XV.—How Jay Got Hold of the Golden Eagles at Last.

In some way the news had got around that Jay Cooke, the boyish-looking tenant of Room 119 in the Sullivan Building, had a wad of money at his back. Those who heard the report could not say how true it was, but several brokers were interested enough to try and investigate the story and size up the new broker. Among the traders who, on one pretense or another, made it their business to call on Jay during the following week was Mr. Blackford, who had an office in the same building. He dropped in on Tuesday afternoon

and introduced himself as a friend of Mr. Roger Wicks, Jay's late boss, and the boy said he was glad to make his acquaintance.

"Mr. Wicks has spoken so well of you, Cooke," said Blackford, in a patronizing way, "that I have taken quite an interest in you."

"Thank you, Mr. Blackford," replied Jay with a smile.

"Now, a party of us are organizing a pool to boom a certain stock, and as we need just one more to complete the list of eligibles, I thought I'd give you the chance to come in with us on a sure winner if you have enough money."

"I'm afraid I haven't enough money," replied Jay.

"I heard you had \$150,000 at least," hazarded the broker as a feeler.

"You mustn't believe everything you hear, Mr. Blackford. Even if I had that sum it would hardly be enough to let me into a pool that expected to corner a stock."

"You can get in for \$100,000, and I'll guarantee that you'll double your money."

"What is the name of the stock you're going to boom?"

"I couldn't tell you that until you agreed to join us and put up your money. It wouldn't be business."

"Well, I don't believe I care to take a hand in blind pools, anyway," replied Jay.

Blackford argued with him, and even agreed to let him share in a part of the expected profits of the combine for \$50,000, but Jay declined to bite. Finally the broker went away much disappointed.

"I don't believe he intended to let me in on any good thing," thought Jay after his visitor had gone away. "Why should he? He came in here to catch me on some scheme he had in his mind. I'm going to watch him and see if I can find out whether he really is interested in any bull movement. If he is I'll take a hand in it myself on the quiet and try to scoop a profit, anyway."

Next day when he went to the Exchange gallery he found that Blackford was bidding for N. & O. shares, and taking in all he could get.

"I guess he didn't lie about being interested in a certain stock," thought Jay; "but, nevertheless, he didn't intend to let me get any of the cream."

Jack watched Blackford's movement for an hour, and then went to a big brokerage house and bought 10,000 shares of N. & O. He got it for 92, and it closed at three at 94.

A few days later the Stock Exchange was the scene of the wildest excitement of the year. N. & O. had commenced to boom like wildfire. It climbed up until it passed par and went to 105. Jay was watching the rise with feelings of great excitement, for every point meant \$10,000 profit for him in prospect. He was standing by the ticker in the office where he had put his deal through. Two gentlemen came in in a hurry to see the head of the firm. He was busy with a man in a his private room, but came outside to see them.

"Sell us out at once, Frazer, and don't lose a minute in doing it," said one in a hurried tone. "N. & O. is liable to be in the soup any moment."

"I think you're wrong about the stock, but I'll sell your shares right away."

The gentlemen left and the broker re-entered his office. Jay wondered if there was any danger

of a collapse in the price. He figured on the stock going to 110 at least. He ran over to the Exchange gallery to see how things were progressing. Presently he saw Broker Frazer come on the floor and make an offer, which was accepted.

He made other offers, all of which were taken. Then some other broker suddenly dumped 5,000 shares on the market, and followed it with a second one. Jay didn't understand what he was doing, but something told him that trouble was in the air. He rushed down and sent word in to Frazer that he wanted to see him. When the broker came out into the corridor Jay said:

"Dump my 10,000 on the market, quick."

"All right," said Frazer, turning on his heel and going back.

In a few minutes he offered the whole block to Blackford, who was supporting the stock. Blackford was already loaded up to the neck and could not take it. Frazer immediately dumped it on the market. The offer came at a critical moment, and though a big broker took it in the other traders took alarm and a rush was made to sell. Ten minutes later the Exchange was in a panic. Jay got 106 for his stock, but inside of a quarter of an hour the price had fallen to 100. Half an hour afterward it was down to 90, and still tumbling.

When the Exchange closed Jay was standing on the corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place talking to a friend when Blackford came that way.

Some trader, who overheard Jay give Frazer his order, had told him that the boy was responsible for the slump. As Blackford approached the corner he saw the young broker.

"You little villain!" cried Broker Blackford, seizing Jay by the throat with such a vicious grip that his eyes bulged and his tongue protruded, "you've ruined me by throwing that bunch of stock on the market and breaking the price."

Blackford was so furious that it would have gone hard with the boy but for the fact that a policeman happened to be at hand. He jumped in and released Jay from the grasp of the infuriated trader. The officer was about to run the broker in for assault when Jay told him to let the man go, as he didn't believe he was in his right mind at the moment. Then he and his friend walked up toward Wall Street. Jay had no idea how he had come out on his deal until his broker made a settlement with him, and he found he had made \$140,000 over commissions and other expenses. This made him worth close on to a quarter of a million. The following Sunday was a fine day and he had no trouble in persuading Rose to go with him to the old mill.

"I'm after those golden eagles of yours once more," he said with a laugh as they started off down the road in a buggy Jay had borrowed for the occasion.

Twenty minutes later they were standing in the cellar and Jay was figuring on where he should begin his search, for it seemed to him as if he had been over every inch of the ground except what was covered up with debris and the fallen wall. The afternoon sunshine shone in through the big gaping hole in the foundation, and a tiny ray was reflected from a shiny object in the midst of the pile of rubbish.

It attracted Jay's attention. He pulled some

of the stones away and there he saw one of the brass handles of the iron box.

"Gee! Here's your box after all, hidden under this heap of stones," he cried.

Throwing off his coat he got down to work, and inside of ten minutes had the box uncovered enough so that he could drag it out. Jay was jubilant and Rose delighted.

"Do you think you can help me get this box out of the cellar?" he asked the girl.

"Oh, yes; I'm pretty strong," she replied.

Between them they got it to the buggy, and after considerable exertion into the vehicle. Then they started for home as happy as two care-free children. Jay took it to his house, and that evening Rose demanded the key from her uncle. He gave it up when she threatened to consult a lawyer. Next day she and Jay opened the box together and found \$18,000 in gold ten-dollar pieces in it. This was Rose's fortune, and at Jay's suggestion she deposited it in the village bank until the boy subsequently invested it for her in a good 5 per cent mortgage. Jay, having plenty of capital at his command, now devoted himself almost entirely to building up a business for himself in Wall Street.

He put up a very handsome house in the village soon after this, and when it was completed he and Rose were quietly married in one of the churches of Plankville.

Next week's issue will contain "A LUCKY LAD; or, THE BOY WHO MADE A RAILROAD PAY."



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TURNED AWAY

— OR —

A BOY IN SEARCH OF HIS NAME

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Hazeltine Tells The Truth.

If the lull lasted they were safe, but if another squall struck them when they were all aback no one could foretell the result.

"There's another squall a-comin' in two shakes," said Tom to Clif, the two boys being at work at the main sheet, "an' if the old man don't——"

He did not have time to finish the sentence before the squall struck them.

It came from a quarter where it was least expected, and from the worst.

They were in the trough of the sea, with everything loose.

In an instant booms went crashing over to leeward, blocks were torn out, and sails were split from top to bottom, the masts quivered, and a huge sea, rushing over the rail, nearly swamped them.

Clif sprang to the wheel, and turned the schooner's head to the wind; but without sails to guide her she was nearly helpless.

Then some one reported that she had been badly strained, and was leaking like a sieve, and that it could be only a question of time before she would go down.

The masts still stood, but one had been greatly weakened, and might go by the board at any moment; the bowsprit was badly sprung, and the stays bent and twisted, so that they afforded but little aid to the jibboom.

The seas now beat upon the bow, and there was not the danger there had been when they broke over the quarter, but there was still great peril, and they were all alive to it.

The schooner now lay with her nose in the wind, making no progress, but simply holding her own, it being, after all, only a question of how long she could hold out.

"We'll have to leave her," muttered the captain. "But there's no lowerin' the boats in this sea. They'd be swamped. I donno how long it'll be before she'll go down, and maybe we'll have to leave, anyhow, or go down with her."

The first and second mates had been swept overboard, with half the men, so that now, besides Clif, Tom and the Kidders, there were only Hazeltine, the cook, the steward, and three sailors, ten persons in all, remaining on the doomed vessel.

"Who's at the wheel?" called Hazeltine in a loud voice, after they had been in the wind for some time.

"I am, sir," answered Clif.

"Put her amidships and lash her. She'll stay that way, all right."

At that moment there was a terrific flash of

lightning, and a tremendous burst of thunder accompanying it.

There was a crash, and when the lightning flashed again the wreck of the mainmast, shrouds, halyards, and stays, hung over the side, the rail was smashed in, and one of the boats stove to pieces.

"Cut away, there!" cried Hazeltine. "Lively with the axes, now, or she'll drag us under."

Clif, Tom, Jack and two of the men seized axes and cut away enough of the wreck to allow it to drop over the sides, and act as a drag, really assisting them to hold their position in the wind.

When the work was done and the schooner lay hove to, her head in the wind and the waves breaking against but rarely rushing over the bow to her decks, the captain turned to Clif and said:

"Come below a few minutes. I want to talk to you."

Clif accompanied the man to the cabin, where they found Ada and her father anxiously awaiting news of the vessel's fate.

"You'd better get ready to leave," Hazeltine said to Ada. "If there's anything you want, pack it up. It won't be long before we'll have to leave. Come aft a minute," to Clif.

In the little passage just forward of the steps leading to the cockpit Hazeltine paused and said:

"I've got a few things to say to you, my son, and I don't care to have any listeners. They concern me and you alone."

"Go on," said Clif.

"In the first place, there isn't any use o' my leavin' the vessel, and I'm goin' down with her."

"That is not necessary, sir," said Clif gravely. "Why should you?"

"Because if I didn't folks would say I wrecked her to get the insurance. Folks do say them things, and after a time they are believed, and go against a man. This would be the one time too often."

"But if they are not true, you should not fear any evil effect of things like that."

"They are true," said Hazeltine, "and that's where the hurt comes. However, never mind that. I want to talk about yourself and tell you what I know."

"You said you knew nothing, sir."

"Well, I lied. I know something, but not much. Seventeen years ago a ship called the Fleetwing was wrecked not far from Stonington, Connecticut. A lot of dead bodies was washed ashore, but you were the only live thing found. You was a baby less'n a year old. I took care of you, but finally put you in the poorhouse when I couldn't hear anything of your folks. The big man there was Mr. Wintringham. I guess you know him. Some day I suspected I might claim you and bring you up as my own, but I didn't say I would, and I never saw you again till now. Some of the things you had on I've kept, and I've give them to you. With the name of the ship and them you may be able to trace your folks, and I hope you will."

CHAPTER XVII.

Leaving The Schooner.

"Then all you know is the name of the ship, the date of the wreck, and the birthmark on my shoulder?" asked Clif, as the captain paused and drew a deep breath.

"That's all. I've got a locket, a lock o' your hair that I cut off, two or three little gold clasps with pink coral on 'em, an' a little shoe. I didn't see the use o' turnin' these things over to the poor-house, and so I kep' them."

"But did not one ask after me? Couldn't you tell who were lost? Was there no list of passengers?"

"There was, but there was two Fleetwings lost that fall, and not far apart, and things got mixed. I had a notion that your folks was with you and was drowned. Anyhow, no one ever asked after you, and I never found out any more than I've told you. I've got the things done up, and I'll let you have 'em. They're on the desk in my room. I'll get 'em for you before you leave."

"Thank you, captain," said Clif. "But you ought to go with us. You are not all bad, and no doubt you will be able to lead a new life and redeem your past."

"No, I guess not," said the captain, slowly. "Anyhow, I'll see."

Then he went on deck and Clif walked back to the cabin where he found Tom talking to Ada and her father.

"The schooner is leakin' bad," Tom said, "an' she can't stay afloat very long. I've be'n down in the hold, an' I can hear the water comin' in, an' if you look over the side you can see how she's be'n settlin'. She's bound to go under by mornin', I think."

"Yes, and maybe before that," answered Clif. "Tom, get an oilskin coat for Mr. Kidder. He will want it."

As Tom left the cabin Clif said:

"He is right. The vessel cannot stay above water much longer. The men are going to leave as soon as it is safe. Captain Hazeltine wants to go down with the vessel, but we must persuade him to go with us."

"By all means," said Ada. "He must not sacrifice his life to a mere fancy like this."

"I am not sure that it is a fancy," said Clif. "But I shall try and dissuade him from it, nevertheless. I will go and see what the chances are for our remaining afloat, and let you know how much time we have."

On deck the boy found that the wind was still blowing fiercely, and the waves running high, while the schooner had settled considerably; so much so, in fact, that in another hour her decks must be on a level with the sea.

The three sailors, with Dolf and Jock, were making ready one of the boats, putting in it things that they would be most likely to need, and working rapidly and with little confusion.

Seeing Clif, Dolf took the boy aside and said:

"You think we get back to de island, Mars Clif? Him not so werry far off, h'm?"

"No, it's not so far off, Dolf, but I don't know anything about navigation, and I would have to guess at the course. Besides, there is the captain."

"Him no go," said Dolf. "Him stick along o' schooner. You see. Den we go for island, take star, sun, compass. We find him two, free day, me think. Den we find de place where chests am."

"I think the best way is to reach the main first, Dolf, and then locate the island by the lay, go to the nearest place and cross over—in a boat. The captain will leave with us."

Clif helped the men with the boat for some time, and then, hearing Hazeltine calling him, returned to the cabin.

"Here's what you want," said the man, handing a small square, flat packet to the boy. "I hope you'll be able to find out somethin' with it. Then there's another thing. If you get to shore all right, go to the island and take out the stuff in the storehouse. Turn it over to the government. You'll find a chart of the passage into the island in the packet, with all the bad spots marked out, and the course you are to take at each one of 'em. You've been through it with me, and that'll help you. You've got a cool head and a steady hand, and you'll get in without any trouble."

"Then you want me to turn everything over to the government?"

"Yes, and when you get through and are ready to leave, lift up a trap you'll find in the center hut, and touch a match to a fuse you'll see there."

"What'll that do?"

"It won't hurt you any. You'll have time to get out. Maybe you'll find out afterward. But just you do as I say, that's all. You won't be hurt none, I promise you that."

Clif took the packet, put it in his pocket, and said:

"Thanks. I will do what I can with the things, and will obey your instructions in regard to the island. You will not return to it, I suppose?"

"No; I'm never goin' there again. You get a vessel and go there, turn everything over to the government, and then, just before you're ready to sail, light the fuse and then go away."

"I will do so, sir," said Clif. "You will leave the schooner when we do?"

"Well, I'll see," said Hazeltine, avasively, and then he hurried on deck.

Clif quickly followed, finding Ada and her father in the galley, where Dolf was serving hot coffee.

"She's settin' down pretty consid'able," he heard the captain say. "Got the boat ready, Jock?"

"Yes'r."

"Got the falls down and the lines all clear?"

"Yes'r."

"Got in all the stuff you'll want?"

"Yes'r; guess so."

"Then stand by when I give the word. It may be we'll want to leave in a hurry."

Half an hour later, in a sudden lull of the tempest, the skipper said:

"Ahoy, there, all that's going in the boat! Now is our time. Ahoy, you, Clif!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Time to start, I reckon. Get the young lady and her father in before we lower. Then ye'll let her go."

Ada and Mr. Kidder were assisted to seats in the boat, and the three men began to lower it from the davits on the lee side.

Clif, Tom, Jock, Dolf and one of the men sprang in as she went down, and in a moment she struck the water.

"Shove off, quick!" cried the captain. "There's another squall comin'?"

"But, captain!" cried Clif, boathook in hand, "you are coming, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm comin', but shove off or you'll be swamped."

Even at that instant Clif felt a sudden motion in the water alongside that told that the schooner was about to sink.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Land In Sight.

"Captain, make haste!" cried Clif. "Jump before she sinks. Quick, quick! There is no time to be lost!"

Some one jumped, struck the gunwale, slipped, and fell backward against the side of the vessel.

Clif lost his hold on the boathook, which slipped from his hand as he sat down violently on the thwart.

There was a splash, but then there came a flash of lightning which revealed the schooner and the captain standing alone on the deck close to the rail.

"Good-by and good luck, Clif!" he called.

"Pull back to the schooner and take him on board," said the boy, and the cook and steward bent upon their oars to obey the order.

"Keep off or you'll be swamped," roared the captain. "Back water, there. Stern all!"

The men obeyed, and the boat shot away from the dangerous proximity to the schooner.

There was a hissing sound, a splash, a violent agitation of the waves, and then, as the two men pulled vigorously to escape being drawn into the vortex of the sinking vessel, there came a blinding flash and a peal of thunder so terrific that it seemed as if the very earth must have been rent with the sound.

While yet the roar of the thunder was ringing in his ears and the flash of the lightning was still before his eyes, Clif saw the schooner take a sudden plunge and disappear, and when the next flash came there was not a trace of it to be seen.

"Who is here?" asked Clif. "You, Ada, and your father?"

"Yes."

"And Tom?"

"Yes, I'm here, Clif."

"And you, Jock, and you, Dolf?"

"Yes, Mars Clif; we're heah."

"Any others?"

"No, sah; dat's all dey is."

"Can you see any one swimming near the wreck?"

"No; reckon dey's got taken down an' we won't see dem no moah. Lucky thing we didn't go down same time, 'long o' de cap'n."

"Poor fellow," said Clif, sitting in the stern sheets and picking up the tiller ropes. "I hoped that we might have saved them, but it was not to be. Pull steady, men, and I'll keep her head to the wind. I have no idea where we are going, but we must be sure that we are safe before we set our course."

It began to rain very soon, and with considerable violence, so that in a few minutes the sea could be seen to have gone down to a great extent.

They were all well protected from the rain, although it was not an easy matter to row or to steer with wet hands.

Tom lit the lantern and passed it and the com-

pass to Clif, who changed his course a trifle, and said.

"Pull easy, boys, so as to keep her steady. There's a good deal less sea now, and if this rain keeps up we'll have considerable less before another hour."

It rained furiously for some time, and then for a longer period with much less violence, and finally settled into a steady but gentle rain, which lasted until it grew light enough for them to see to a distance of four or five miles.

There was nothing to be seen but the restless waves and the dull sky, there being no sign of land, not a sail in sight.

Two hours later the sun appeared, dim at first, and then gaining strength, till at last the clouds melted away, the mists were dispelled, and the whole ocean was bathed in bright sunlight.

There was still no sign of land, nor the faintest glimmer of white in the distance which would betoken the approach of a ship.

Jock had rolled up a sail and stuck it away under a thwart, and a mast was lashed to the gunwale just under the rowlocks. These were now brought out, the mast stepped and the sail bent on, and in a few minutes they were skimming over the ocean at a good speed on a free wind.

The breeze lasted nearly all day, but when the sun sank in a bank of gold and purple clouds not a sign of land, not a sail had been seen.

None of the party had had any sleep during the day, with the exception of Mr. Kidder, who had taken a short nap during the afternoon, and Clif now said:

"We can't stay awake tonight, for we all need sleep. I will take the first watch, then Tom can relieve me, and after that Dolf or Jock can take a watch, and then I will go on again."

"I can steer the boat," said Ada. "Why can't I stand a watch as well as the rest? I don't want to do nothing all the time."

"You'd better get a rest tonight, at all events," answered Clif. "Tomorrow, perhaps, you might help, but now you are too tired out to do anything."

Clif took the first watch of two hours, and then stretched himself out on a thwart, and went to sleep, while Tom took his place.

The boy had been asleep for four or five hours at least when Tom shook him, and said, excitedly:

"Clif, wake up! Don't you hear nothin'? I do. It woke me up."

"Me hear um, too," said Dolf, who was at the tiller, "but dat am nuffin; dat am all right."

Clif sat up, rubbed his eyes, and asked Tom what was the matter.

"Don't you hear nothin'?"

"Hear something? Yes, I hear breakers dead ahead. Can you see anything, Tom?"

"No, not yet. It's too dark, and theres' too much fog on the water; but there's breakers there, fast enough. Do you know what I'm thinkin' of?"

"That there's land near us?"

Just then the moon, which had been hidden behind a bank of clouds, come out, and Clif cried:

"There's the island, as I live, dead ahead of us, and not more than five miles off!"

(To be continued.)

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

COAL FOR A MILLENNIUM

There is sufficient coal in the world to last us at the present rate of consumption for a thousand years. Most of this reserve is either in the United States or in China. Fuel oil, on the other hand, is much less abundant, and unless new supplies are forthcoming, the stock available is not likely to last beyond the present century. Such is the opinion of the Swedish scientist, Svante Arrhenius, who makes these estimates in his latest chemical work.

A GOLF PROBLEM

I know a fellow who has tried to apply his talent for mathematics to the game of golf. He says: "I have discarded all fancy shots and cut my game down to two strokes of certain lengths from which I never deviate. I always drive on a direct line with the hole, and combination of these two strokes always get me there."

If the system is practicable, what should be the proper lengths of two strokes to learn to win out in the least possible number of strokes on a nine-hole course of 150 yards, 300 yards, 250 yards, 325 yards, 275 yards, 350 yards, 225 yards, 400 yards and 425 yards?

FOOT-LONG POCKET KNIFE ON DISPLAY AT SESQUI

A "pocket knife" valued at \$1,000, with a handle a foot long and four inches wide, especially designed and made to commemorate the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, has been placed on display in a special section of the Collective German Exhibits in the Palace of Agriculture, Food, Civic and Foreign Exhibits, at the Exposition now being held in Philadelphia.

The knife has four blades. It is of steel inlaid with sterling silver and 22-karat gold, with brown, blue and red enamel. On one side is represented the Delaware River Bridge, flanked by the city coats of arms of Philadelphia and Camden. On the other side is the Liberty Bell, and below, Independence Hall with the Barry statue in the foreground.

TIRED OF SLUMS, FLEAS TAKE TO DIET OF DUKES

Fleas from the east end slums of London are marching on Mayfair. The entomologist of the London Zoo, besieged with enquiries from the frantically scratching aristocracy of the West End, reports there is a real migration under way. Preventive measures used in France during the war are described and are recommended to householders.

The Grosvenor and Berkeley Squares districts of Mayfair, inhabited solely by dukes and nabobs, have been penetrated by the fleas. When the leading woman of a smart comedy in a West End theatre was observed recently furtively scratching during rehearsal she confessed shamelessly, "Fleas."

Then, it developed, a dozen of the company have had their homes invaded. Unheard of weather recently—nearly three weeks of uninterrupted sunshine—is credited with causing the unprecedented activity of the fleas.

LAUGHS

Hattie—I have so many callers that, really, I am quite fatigued. Mattie—Ah! I didn't know you were a telephone operator before.

Lawyer—Don't you think I acquitted myself well in that trial? Friend—Very well. It is a pity you didn't do as much for your client."

"Then you don't want no cranberries?" "No; I've changed my mind. I see your cat is asleep in those cranberries." "That's all right, mum. I don't mind waking the cat up."

"If you stand with your back to the south, what have you on your left hand?" asked the teacher during the geography lesson. The small boy thought, considerable his hands, and gave the right answer. "Fingers, sir," he replied.

Mrs. Chubb (with newspaper)—I see several persons are petitioning to have their names changed. What does it cost to have a name changed. Mr. Chubb—It cost me a couple of hundred dollars to have your name changed to mine.

"Mabel," said the girl's father. "I want to talk to you about that young man of yours. When did he say good night to you last evening?" "At 10 o'clock," replied the dear girl. "What? Why, it was 1 o'clock at least." "Oh, that was when he finished saying it."

Availing herself of her ecclesiastical privileges the clergyman's wife asked questions which, coming from anybody else, would have been thought impertinent. "I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that locket you wear?" she said. "Yes, ma'am," said the parishioner. "It is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive," the lady exclaimed. "Yes, ma'am, but his hair is gone."

YOUNG JACKSON

"What's that, Ben?"

"Eh? Just a leetle louder, boy, the old man's bearin' ain't as sharp as it was forty years ago," answered old Ben Boerck, the fisherman, dropping the chain that secured a row-boat to a stake on the beach.

"I heard a strange sound like the cry of some one in mortal agony. Did you hear anything?" said old Ben's companion, a strong, muscular young man with a resolute face, which was adorned with a sweeping black mustache.

"Where away?" was old Ben's nautical query.

"Up there," answered the young man. "It seemed to come from the house on the cliff," and he pointed to a neat cottage that perched upon the summit of the abrupt coast like a huge white bird.

Old Ben followed the direction in which his companion pointed with his eyes.

"No, no, Ben, I told you it was a human voice—a man's voice; and if I am not much mistaken there's something wrong up there," said the young man in a tone of conviction.

At this moment two stylish-attired and very bright and pretty young ladies whom the young man at once took to be city girls, came around the rocks upon the beach and advanced toward him hurriedly.

Their cheeks were flushed, and it was evident that they were much agitated.

"Oh, sir," panted the foremost one of this charming couple.

The young man raised his hat gallantly.

"Dick Gordon, otherwise 'Young Jackson,' the detective, at your service," he said politely.

At the mention of his name both of the young ladies started violently and they regarded the young man with new interest.

"You Young Jackson, the detective, whom we have read about! You the detective who it is said bears a charmed life!" said one of the young ladies, while the other exclaimed:

"Oh, my!"

Young Jackson bowed.

"In what way can I be of service, ladies? I judge that something has occurred to disturb your tranquillity," he said.

"Oh, sir," said the young lady who had first spoken, "my name is Mabel Heath, and this is my sister, Julia. We are living in the cottage up yonder alone with our father this summer, and just a moment ago, as we were walking on the path beyond the rocks, we heard a terrible shriek. It was my father's voice. We left him all alone in the cottage this morning when we came out for a walk, and I fear that some evil has befallen him, for he had in his possession a large sum of money which he was going to deposit in the bank to-day. Will you not come with us to our home? We are afraid to go there alone now."

"Most certainly, miss, and if I can be of any assistance you can count me in," answered Young Jackson, and he turned toward a rock upon which he had hung his loose light sporting jacket, preparatory to a row on the water.

While he was conversing with the young ladies,

a dark evil face had raised itself from behind the rock and peered at the group on the beach, and a large, coarse hand fumbled with the young detective's coat as though its owner was striving to pick the pockets of the garment.

Young Jackson put on his coat and, followed by the Heath sisters and old Ben, the fisherman, he hurried up the rocks toward the cottage.

The door was wide open.

Young Jackson entered first and behind him came the young ladies and old Ben.

A startling sight greeted them.

The room was in confusion.

In the center of the room, stretched at full length upon his back, lay a man.

He was stone dead, they all saw at a glance.

Over the murdered man stood Dragon, Young Jackson's wonderful dog detective, which, according to reports, had aided his young master in many a skillful piece of detective work.

The two young girls rushed forward and knelt beside the dead man.

"My father, dead, murdered!" screamed Mabel, while her sister wrung her hands in speechless grief.

"I guess I'll run up to the village and git ther constable, for this here are a case of murder, and no mistake," said old Ben, and without waiting for Young Jackson's answer, he ran off as fast as he could toward the little fishing village, a quarter of a mile up the coast.

"Come back! Come back!" shouted Young Jackson.

If old Ben heard he heeded not.

Then to the girls:

"Is there anything missing from your father's person?"

The girls hastily searched their father's pockets.

"Yes," said Mabel—"the large light-colored pocket-book that contained the large sum of money I spoke to you of is gone."

Young Jackson threw off his jacket and began to search about the room. Minutely he went over every inch of the space of the floor.

Upon his hands and knees he went.

Suddenly he picked up a little piece of blue cloth and thrust it into his vest pocket with a muttered exclamation.

Young Jackson went outside of the cottage and searched about in the sand before it for tracks.

This done, he came back into the house and sat down.

"Your father's coat is black; this is blue. Miss Heath, I think, as we detectives express it, I have struck a clue.

At this moment Julia, who had gone to the window that looked toward the fishing village, turned from it, and said:

"The fisherman is coming back, and a crowd of village people are with him."

"Just as I feared," muttered Young Jackson.

"Why so?" asked Mabel.

"Oh, I dislike to have a gaping curious crowd of country people at the scene of a crime that I have an interest in working up a case out of," answered the young detective, carelessly.

The sound of voices was now heard, and in a few moments old Ben, followed by a large, coarse-looking man, who announced himself as Constable

Sile Hill, and a crowd of villagers arrived at the cottage.

"So, so," said Hill, gruffly. "There's been killin' goin' on here, eh?" He glanced at Young Jackson as he spoke.

"As you see," answered Young Jackson, who was watching him as closely as a sat watches a mouse.

"Anything missin', gals?" the constable asked, turning to the bereaved and drawing his right hand across his eyes.

The girls explained that their father's light-colored pocket-book, containing a large sum of money, was gone.

Young Jackson noticed that Hill's left hand was imperfect. The middle finger was missing, from the second joint up.

Hill strode across the room and proceeded to examine the dead man, and as he turned away after doing this, he, seemingly accidentally, knocked Young Jackson's coat from the chair on which it lay.

As the garment fell to the floor, a large light-colored, leather pocket-book fell from its inside pocket.

"My father's pocket-book!" exclaimed Mabel Heath, springing forward and picking it up.

Young Jackson was dumbfounded.

"How in the deuce could that have got into my pocket?" thought Young Jackson; but, notwithstanding the alarming situation in which he found himself, he was as cool as an icicle, and as composed as a judge.

"Do not judge me hastily, Miss Heath," he said, in a voice intended for her ears alone.

"Neighbors, I reckon I'll hev to take this young feller in," said Hill.

During all this Dragon, the young detective's dog, had been growling fiercely, and his attention seemed to be turnd principally to Hill.

"Come, young feller, you're my prisoner," said Hill, advancing toward Young Jackson, notwithstanding Dragon's warning growl.

"Hold all!" thundered Young Jackson. "Do you see this bit of blue cloth?" and he held up the bit of fabric he had found on the floor. "You observe it is blue? Do you notice that your worthy constable wears a blue coat? Do you further observe that the second button has been torn off violently, and that with the button a little bit of cloth was taken, leaving a speck of the white lining exposed? I see you notice all these little peculiarities about the coat of your worthy constable. Now, Ben, old man, just take this cloth, and see if it don't exactly fit the torn spot on the coat of Mr. Hill? I found it beside the body of the murdered man."

Ben applied the cloth, and all saw that it fitted like a charm.

"Now, then, gentlemen," said Young Jackson, "you notice, as I remarked, that the second button is missing from Mr. Constable's coat?"

"Yes—yes!" cried the spectators.

"Very well," Young Jackson went on. "The question is, where is that button? Can any of you tell?"

"Bah," said Hill. "I lost that button a month ago in New York."

"That's a lie, and I can prove it; but first, gentlemen, you are doubtless all aware that Mr. Hill,

your enterprising constable, has lost his middle finger down to the second joint," said Young Jackson.

Hill made a movement as though to lower his maimed hand.

"Keep it up, so all can see it, or down you go," ordered Young Jackson, cocking his pistol warningly. "Now, then, Miss Heath," continued Young Jackson, "please hold up your father's pocket-book."

Mabel did so and all saw that upon its light-colored surface was the imprint of a human hand made in blood as the hand had grasped it, and they all noticed that in this accusing stain the middle finger was wanting, from the second joint up.

Hill began to tremble like a leaf.

"Now, then, gentlemen, just one more point, and I am done," Young Jackson went on. "This dog of mine is a detective in his way. When I came into this cottage I found him standing over the dead body of Mr. Heath, and I noticed that he had something in his mouth. Open your mouth, Dragon, and let us see what you have found." The dog opened his mouth and a button fell upon the floor. Young Jackson held it up, and all saw it was the missing button from Hill's coat.

"It's a clear case, and I arrest you instead of you arresting me!" said Young Jackson, producing a pair of handcuffs.

"Who are you?" demanded Hill.

"Young Jackson, and this is my dog detective!" was the answer, as the speaker placed his hand upon the head of his canine assistant.

Hill was handcuffed and led away to the village jail, and although there was some talk of lynching, Young Jackson walked by his prisoner's side with his pistol in his hand, and there was no attempt made to do so.

Hill was in due course of time tried, convicted and executed. Before his death he returned the money he had stolen. Young Jackson became a frequent visitor at the cottage on the cliff, and if he does not one day make Miss Mabel his wife, it will be no fault of his.

"SILENT" RAILWAY CAR

A "silent" railway motor car without engine vibration has been achieved, and during its recent trial run over the Swedish State Railways from Malmoe to Stockholm, the passengers heard no other noise than that of the wheels clicking against the rail joints. It is the design of a Swedish engineer, Magnus Tacklind of Stockholm, but has been manufactured in Germany. Except for certain motor parts it will later be built in Sweden.

The absence of the noise and vibration is due to the fact that the motor is not placed on the same frame as the passenger car itself, but is entirely isolated from it, being slung underneath. The power is transferred to the driving axle from the motor through five different sets of gears, which are kept going all the time, to make the driving smoother. The speed attained reached over fifty miles per hour, while the consumption of fuel, a mixture of benzine and benzol, averaged about eight miles to the gallon.

CURRENT NEWS

SALT-AND-SAND WASHING

Damp sand mixed with salt is used to wash dishes in an English hotel. Stains from grease, tea and other foods are quickly removed by rubbing the dishes in this preparation, says Popular Mechanics. Also loss from breakage is reduced. About 25 per cent. of the mixture is salt. The utensils are given a final cleaning with water.

BUTTERFLIES DARKENING

Black butterflies will fill England if the present industrial era keeps up its smokiness, according to a recent report made by English scientists. One explanation given for the steady change in the color of the butterflies is that they have been eating much lead and manganese salts deposited from factory smoke on the leaves of their plant foods.

VALUABLE SEAWEED

The seaweed collected along the Breton coast of France brings in the tidy sum of 30,000,000 francs yearly, which at pre-war values meant \$5,000,000 a year. The first factory for the manufacture of iodine, its most valuable product (though seaweed is also an important source of potassium and sodium), was established long ago. It takes a ton of fresh seaweed, approximately, to make a pound of iodine.

OPEN AIR IS BEST

The open air is better than any auditorium ever devised, as far as clearness of hearing is concerned, according to a recent report of University of California physicists. The walls of a room may increase the general loudness of speech sounds, but this is more than counteracted by the confusing reverberations the walls introduce. A room that is carefully padded with hair-felt, or that is built with a porous, spongy wallplaster, will approach, though not equal, open air conditions.

33 QUESTIONS

1. Do I keep myself physically fit, or am I usually below par?
- 2.. Do I live near the maximum of my efficiency, or am I accomplishing just enough to get along?
3. Is my body the ready servant of my purpose, or is it my master?
4. Am I earning a living for myself and those dependent on me, or am I spending what another has earned? (Housewives may answer the first part of the sentence in the affirmative).
5. Is the thing I am doing being constantly better done because of careful continuous study, or have I become like a machine?
6. Am I informed properly concerning the human factors in the situations with which I have to deal, or am I indifferent toward the attitude of others?
7. Do I regard other persons as having the same rights as myself, or do I regard myself as having special privileges?
8. Are my social interests constantly widening, or does human welfare mean less and less to me?
9. Am I keeping old friends and making new ones, or is the circle of my acquaintances constantly growing smaller?
10. Am I indignant at social wrongs or have I settled down to let the world wag as it may?
11. Am I a suitable life partner for another, or would living with me prove disappointing?
12. Am I tolerant of opinions different from my own, or do I regard those as wrongheaded who differ from me?
13. Have I good will to all sorts and conditions of men whose lives I touch, or is my attitude neutral or even negative?
14. Do I find a beneficial expression of my natural sympathy, or is my good will unintelligently expressed?
15. When interests conflict, do I stand for the welfare of the larger group, or do I pit myself and my group against the world?
16. Are existing social arrangements held by me to be improvable, or in my judgment are they about as good as they can be made?
17. Am I loyal to good causes or is my loyalty limited to family and friends?
18. Am I self-controlled without being inert and at the same time active without being nervous?
19. Do I love nature, or am I blind to her wonders and beauties?
20. Do I prize the creative more than the possessive, or is possession my measure of value?
21. Is my intellectual horizon constantly expanding, or have I ceased to grow mentally?
22. Are my opinions slowly formed in the light of the evidence and tentatively held, or are they held obstinately against evidence?
23. In speaking of social affairs do I limit my statements carefully, or am I given to talking in universals? (The latter shows a mind out of touch with social facts.)
24. Am I good company to myself, or am I lonesome when alone?
25. Can I truly call mine a happy life, or have I missed the way?
26. Can I enjoy a vacation, or is my business my master?
27. Does it make any difference to me whether useful articles are aesthetic, or is utility enough?
28. Have I courage to do what I think is right in the face of opposition, or do I follow the line of least resistance?
29. Do I feel at ease in the presence of those more expert than myself, or embarrassed and awkward?
30. Can I do something with my hands that makes me sympathetic with artists and craftsmen, or are my hands to me merely the ends of my arms?
31. Am I democratic in my attitude or bound by the prejudices of class, nation or race?
32. Can I play with children and have a truly fine time, or am I hopelessly grown up?
33. Do I sense my unity with man and the Ultimate Reality, or is religion a meaningless word to me?

BRIEF BUT POINTED

WHALE MEAT

Whale meat—1,000,000 pounds of it—is shipped to Europe every year, because New York restaurants refuse to handle same. If you crave a whale cutlet or a blubber sandwich, you are out of luck on Broadway.

JABARONDI TONIC FOR FALLING HAIR

Hydrochlorate of pilocarpine, 6 grains; tincture of jabarondi, 4 drams; spirit of rosemary, 2 drams; yellow vaseline, 4 ounces; alcohol, 4 ounces.

It must be applied to the scalp every night. Rub it in thoroughly.

A MATCH TRICK

The following little effect is at once very simple and extremely mysterious. A wooden match is laid on the table and another match balanced across it at right angles. You then take a quarter or half dollar from your pocket and wave it slowly near one end of the balanced match. In a short while, to the amazement of everyone, the balanced match will follow the coin around till it falls off the other one.

The secret is simple. While you are waving the coin you are gently and secretly breathing on the balanced match—blowing very softly. This can be done absolutely without detection, and in a moment you will have your breath “aimed” and the match will perform its inexplicable feat.

SPIDER-ANTS TRAGEDY DARKENS TWENTY HOMES

A tragedy of the insect world was discovered by electricians seeking the cause of the dimming of lights recently in twenty houses on Prospect Drive, Lordship, near Bridgeport, Conn.

A large spider, it was found, had incautiously stepped from one exposed service wire to another. His electrocuted body was discovered by an industrious ant, who led his fellows from an adjacent sand hill to feast upon it. Hundreds of ants came up to the dead spider and were in turn electrocuted as they touched the body. The accumulated bodies of the insects caused the short circuit which dimmed the light.

TO USE RADIO IN LONGITUDE CHECK

A worldwide project to determine the accuracy of present longitude lines has been undertaken by the Naval Observatory, one of the results of which is to prove or disprove the theory that the continents are drifting apart.

At least seven powerful radio stations in various parts of the world transmit time signals to be employed in comparing clocks and chronometers at various points where astronomical observations are made. Both long waves and short waves are used by these stations as a precaution to insure the signals at specified intervals of the day, regardless of atmospheric disturbances.

While the chief object of the work is to determine the accuracy of the established lines of longitude, scientists engaged in the project also consider it an opportune time for testing the validity of the theory that the continents are

drifting, which has been developed as a result of astronomical observations, advanced by Professor Alfred Wegener, an Austrian geo-physicist. This theory will not be proved or disproved by the one radio observation, it is explained, but similar investigations undertaken at five or ten year intervals will ultimately show whether there is any difference in the distance between the various continents.

OUR MOUSE

We have a mouse in our house! Nothing strange about that, you say! Ah! but we have also four cats. Stupid cats? Never! Our youngest one alone caught twenty-seven field mice in the month of September (and kindly note, in passing, that he has never yet caught a bird).

Four clever cats—therefore no mice, but The Mouse. He has been with us six years now, for he knows the limits of his domain; so he comes out only in one room and only after dark; and every mouse has his night.

Promptly each evening between nine and ten he appears for his supper, served under the radiator. You can hear him dragging the cracker or cake, or whatever figures on that night's menu, up the wall across the ceiling to his dining quarters in one corner of the attic.

In order that his repast may be obtained without unnecessary danger, the door to “Dad's room” is closed at dusk, with all the cats carefully excluded. If his supper is not to his liking he does not scruple to scramble up on the bed, trot along to the occupant's head, tickle his face with an impudent cold nose—even nibble gently. And, if that is not sufficient to call attention to his complaint, he has been known to pull that gentleman's hair or beard.

One tragic night the door was forgotten—there was a pounce upstairs! The family rushed in a body.

“Oh! the mouse! ‘Crudie,’ please drop the mouse!”

For, strolling through the upper hall, was our biggest pussie with a long slender tail hanging pathetically limp out of the jaws.

Crudie dropped the fat little mouthful; one grabbed up the cat and the mouse allowed himself to be picked up, to snuggle confidently down in the protecting hand. Would it be safe to let him back into the radiator hole, or might he die in the walls? He didn't seem to be bitten anywhere (Crud's age has deprived him of most of his teeth), so we put the captive down on the floor of his bedroom and watched him whisk into his hole.

At his next night's supper-time we all listened anxiously, and sure enough, there was the little patter over the sitting-room ceiling and the pulling and tugging of the extra large piece of cake.

That was three years ago, and the mouse is still in perfect health. Once in a while he sticks just the end of his little nose out of the hole by the radiator pipe in the daylight, and wiggles it saucily to let the cats know that he is quite the wisest, as well as the happiest, and fattest, of mice.

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